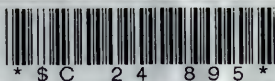


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THE CUCK-QUEANES, &c.

A COMÆDYE.

THE FAERY PASTORALL.

THE CUCK-QUEANES
AND
CUCKOLDS ERRANTS
OR
THE BEARING DOWN THE INNE.
A COMÆDYE.

THE FAERY PASTORALL
OR
FORREST OF ELUES.
BY W—— P—— ESQ.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT, IN THE LIBRARY
OF
JOSEPH HASLEWOOD, ESQ.

LONDON:
FROM THE *Shakspeare Press*, BY
WILLIAM NICOL,
CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S.

1824.

Card for studies

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P431
CUC

TO THE
PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS
OF
The Roxburghe Club,
THIS EDITION
OF
TWO UNPUBLISHED EARLY DRAMAS,
IS DEDICATED AND PRESENTED
BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,
JOHN ARTHUR LLOYD.

June 17, 1824.

570

THE two following specimens of our very early English Drama have been selected from a folio volume containing six dramatic pieces, that may be almost conclusively considered as in the hand-writing of the author. It is in folio, and has dates, at various pages, from 1601 (see p. 89) to 1647 (p. 97.) It appears to have been a fair transcript of the lucubrations of an earlier period of life, that were carefully preserved with strong parental affection, and with the unsettled principles of a still further laboured correction, as many pages testify by a new reading being pasted over, to improve the bygone idea.

The earliest notice known of the volume occurs in the "Catalogue of the Town Library of the late Sir William Burrell, Bart. LL.D. Fellow of the Antiquarian Society:" which library was sold at the Turf Gallery in Conduit-street, Monday, May 2, 1796, and four following days. The volume, it is supposed, was there purchased by Mr. G. Nicol, to place in the library of the late Duke of Roxburghe, and on the sale of that nobleman's collection it was purchased for me.

The name of the author is probably now first discovered.
The title-page is very long, beginning :

AUDITORIBUS BENEUOLIS.
COMÆDYES AND PASTORALLS
WITH THEIR SONGS, AS
ALSO ONE BOOKE OF
EPIGRAMMES.
BY W. P. ESQUIER.

After several apposite quotations, it ends :

Exscriptum.

Anno Salutis 1647.

Sic vos non vobis et cæt. Virgilius in vita
vel

Quo ea fata vocent.

W. P. ESQUIER.

It seems certain, at the time of composing his pieces, the author's residence was given under the name of "Wolues Hill, my Parnassus" (p. 190,) which is in Sussex. It is equally certain he was educated at Oxford. In the "one singular booke of Epigrammes," which extends to 347 (with "Finis 1610 W. P. Esq^r"), are several on events occurring in that town, and one "on Dr. Case, my quondam Tutor:" but the reference of the following epigram has given a clue to ascertain his name, and thereby add one more kindred claim to the list of noble authors.

*To Mr. CHARLES FITZ-GEFFREY.**

To you too, since I cannot shew my will,
Neither by loose prose, stricte ryme, nor in blank,
I send this ragged schædule of my quill,
As a dewe remembrance of my Thank.

* Vpon his printed Epigramme to mee, euer my name written in golden magicall letters in forme and Nature. *Marginal note.*

The following is extracted from the *Fitzgeoffridi Affaniæ*,
Oxon. 1601. 8vo. sign. D 2, 6.

Ad GVLIELMVM PERCIVM.

Virum nobilem.

Vatum candide carminumq; PERCI
Fautor optime, et autor optimorum
Idem et materies segesq; et idem
Mæcænis simul et *Maro* Britannus,
O quem nobilitant sacræ Camœnæ,
O qui nobilitas sacras Camœnas,
Quæ te jurè colunt coluntur à te ;
Quem Phœbus decorat simulq; honestat,
Qui Phœbo decori es, simulq; honori,
Qui te ritè polit politur à te,
Et grata vice quod capis reponis !

Phæbus me monet, me monent Camœnæ

Hos tibi dare pessus Phæleucos :

Illæ scillicet admonent et Ille

Culto carmina PERCIO probare

Illis si cupiam probata et Illi :

Quæ, si Illis requeam probare et Illi,

Quod nō hoc mihi sit (quod eja, non est),

Posse carmina PERCIO probare ;

Saltem Illæ hunc animū præbent et Ille

Quodd certè mihi sit, (quod ecce, certe est)

Velle carmina PERCIO probare.

The prompt assistance of my friend Dr. Bliss, enables me to give the above extract, and to that may be added his own remark thereon. " There can be no question, I think, that the author " of your MS. was the above William Percy, for this is the " only name throughout Fitzgeffry's rare volume answering to " the initials you have given me ; and from the above lines, it is " evident he was a poet."—

At the period Fitzgeffry wrote, our author had published *Sonnets to the Fairest Coelia*, printed for Islip, 1594, and which in 1818 formed one of the elegant reprints of Sir Egerton Brydges, at the Lee Priory.

He was the third son of Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland, was sent at the age of 15 (June 1588) to Gloucester Hall, now Worcester College, and appears to have retired in his latter days to Oxford, where he lived obscurely, and died May 28, 1648.*

H.

* For more particulars see Dugdale's Baronage, I. 284. Brydges's Peerage, II. 327. Strafforde Papers by Knowles, II. 168.

THE
CUCK-QUEANES
AND
CUCKOLDS ERRANTS
OR
THE BEARING DOWN THE INNE.
A COMÆDYE.

Parcite oues nimium procedere, non bene ripæ
Creditur, ipse etiam Aries iam vellera siccatur. VIRG. Ec. 3^a.

THE
JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

Vol. 100, Part 1, 1970
No. 1, 1970

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Hare Latroes *Man.*

Grexe.

} Gentlemen
lyke both in
their Attire
and cul-
lours.

* They had
lowe Pe-
rukes, lowe
wyres and
culourd
veluet
Gowns
both, faire
blouzes
both and
crump
shoulderd.

* In robes
of Sylk and
Perukes
both.

THE PROPERTIES.

HARWICH, *In Midde of the Stage* COLCHESTER *with Image of
Tarlton, Signe and Ghirlond vnder him also.* THE RAUNGERS
LODGE, MALDON, *A Ladder of Roapes trussd vp neare Har-
wich. Highest and aloft the Title* THE CUCK-QUEANES AND
CUCKOLDS ERRANTS. *A Long Fourme.*

THE
CUCK-QUEANES
AND CUCKOLDS ERRANTS.

THE DIRECTION.

TARLTONS GHOST *after Second Sounding, Rather to be omitted if for Powles, and another Prologue for him to be brought in Place. The Vnder-Signe, Beame, Image and Ghirlond I except. Played awhile lowe on his Tabour, then Spake as followes, standing at entrance of the doore and right vnder the Beame.*

TARLTONS GHOST *The Prologue.*

SPECTATORS, For as much as deedes do so clearly flash mee into your eyes, I neede not (Superstitiously) recapitulate, into your eares now, either my name or my Person, For without all Paraduauntour (That by your license and Permission I may vse myne own Phrase and myne own Dialect to you, Gentlemen) most infallible Demonstrations and Arguments will prompt the the same to you, My Drum, my Cap my Slop, my Shooe, yea that same old and merry M^r Tarlton, the quondam Controller and Induperator of this Inne you do behold. But what?

Honest Gentlemen, more goes to making a Messe, in tyme of neede, then foure, more to the full filling a wyne Quart then common measure (the Burrage excepted) Besyde, as very learnedly it hath beene sett down, one Swallowe maketh not a Summer, as neither doth one Owle a winter, And therefore, Plat and plaine, (Gentlemen) For and as concerning my comming to you now, I would not haue you think my Ghost appears accoustred thus, as you see it is, Ladyes and Gentlewomen should be in Loue with mee (Trust mee no such matter) But onely I might do myne Host Pigot, Master of this Inne I weete, the Tarlton in Colchester, his right, to weete the honour and office of a freind. How? Thus to celebrate an old Asses memory to eternitie? What? to sett a perfect paterne of him, in all his lines and linaments, at his doore! At a wyne-Tauerne too? o my heauenly Maker. Shall I be such an Ingratitude and pernicious wretch & forget this mans courtesye? Shall I Antipathetically drench either his name or his fame in Obliuion? Shall I inuest on mee the Bull-case of such a Monstrum Horrendum? God forbid, sayes Apostle Paul. Yet a little complement, and yet a little complement, I beseech you, as whylom I intimated oft the same vnto you, Sweet Gentlemen. Here in this Inne, the now Tarlton, or Familiar in Colchester, wee haue had, many and oft, betweene vs, consorts of many, the most lushious, the most delicate, the most sauoury, And, Oh, the most Frisquin Bum-Fiddles of this citie, of whom, myne own deare wife, God rest her Sweet Soule, euer made vp the Thirteenth to the dozen of them; And yet notwithstanding, as well I see, Old Bias holdeth still his old Byace, and hath not yet clenched his house of the Mare, But hath maintained it in its Auncient

Bawdry, as by the Sequell shall appeare to you, euer since my departure from this Sink of Sin, the World, which was, among the rest of those Heroës of those dayes, in the yeare of our Lord God, my Redeemer, 1588; and therefore, Honest Gentlemen, as euer you haue honoured Richard Tarlton with your Presence, So let him now but obtaine one boone at your hands, you would but sit quiet the while, censure meekly, and Judge as Impartially, And if euer it shall so hap (as one day you may) you passe by Colchester, as you trauell toward Ostend, this way, Myne Host Pigot shall bestowe (*Gratia gratis datis*) vpon you, in my behalf, the funerall Supper. So, Gentlemen, you be all welcome, as I may well say (I meane paying vs your Shott, I meane your ordinary, and wonted accustomed applause for the same) vnto my fellowe, my Freind, and my Countryman Mr Pigot his Inne, euen to that same the right-well known and kenned Resemblance or statue of the right worshipfull Mr. Tarlton, in Colchester. Gentlemen, frolick, I beseech you all.*

*He Playd
a little then
departed.

*ACT I SCEN I.

*DOUCEBELLA FLORADIN RAFF JOICE.

*Here they
sounded
the Third.
*They en-
terd from
Maldon.

Dou. JOICE, is James yet gone to Harwich with the letter?

Joi. Mistris, an howre agone.

Dou. And has taken the black Nag along with him?

Joi. Yes forsooth, and shall lyke you.

Dou. That Jade will bring him straite, to Maldon, I suppose **A Pawse.
I neede not repeate to thee, Floradin,

How greate hath beene the loue, that I haue borne
 To thee and thyne since first thou settst thy foote
 (Since thy returne and landing at the stayes)
 Within this wide circumference of Maldon.
 The Maskes, the Banquets, and the Mummeries,
 That for thy sake I have held this twelue months space,
 Well witnes what haue beene, I speake not it
 To cast it in thy Teeth, what I haue done,
 I witnes Cytheree I repent it not,
 Nor euer shall, But trust mee, Floradin,
 I am so Impouerished by the meane,
 That I must dismissee my Familye needs,
 For which I haue sent, to Harwich, thou seest,
 For my Sweet Hearte to stop my Creditors,
 (Newe come from his Peregrination home too).
 Who lyke a Ravenous water-fall
 Do rush on mee without respect or shame,
 And therefore, Sweet my Freind, let mee once more
 But obteyne thou wouldst forbear my howse now,
 Get thee to Harwich, welcome home thy wife,
 Not doubting, but ere Janus reuests his Furs,
 We shall againe a floate with wonted cheare.

Flo. So strikes Joves thunder to the Passengers,
 So sounds the ship-wrack to the Mariner,
 As doe thy wordes, faire Doucebell, to mee,
 Then, oh, persuaide mee not, I will not hence,
 Not the powres of Heauen shall reauue mee my Loue.

Dou. Doubtst me? Floradin. Diddest thou want but?
 I filld thy purse with crowns, Broughtst thou freinds?

I bad them welcome for thy sake. If sick?
 I haue playd the Nurse to cherish them, or what
 Lykewise not done to shewe my loue to you?
 Then giue mee leaue, sweet Freind, By Joue, I sweare,
 That that I doe, vnwillingly I doe.

Flo. O Bitter Sop of balefull wretchednes,
 O Sowrest Cup of thickest Acheron,
 What paine, so greate, as may once be compared
 Vnto those paines that parting louers feele?
 Beleeue me, Doucebell, the Hearte-deuouring Bird,
 That daily feedes on gutt of Tytius,
 The endles wheele, beset with hookes and crookes,
 On which Ixion runs, or that round Ball,
 Which the old Theife shoues rolling to and fro,
 Be not halfe so greate, Then, Doucebell, let mee
 Beseech once more thy dietye diuine,
 Thou wouldst reuerse those dreadfull wordes of thyne.

Dou. Let Sol neuer, with his bright lampe, behold
 This worlds circumference, if I do not
 Rewe the Tymes necessity much as you,
 But what? if Cupid ne're vnbend his Bowe,
 Certes he will disarme his arme I know,
 Then be not greiud, if for this once I begge
 Of thee, deare Floradin, this little Boone.
 Say shall I obteyne my suite, of you, now?

Flo. Faire Doucebella, Sollace of my Soule,
 Since neede will part the surest freinds I see,
 I will hie mee now toward Harwich home,
 And ere a Summers passe returne to you.

Dou. Sweet freind, so doe, and by that, assure thy self,
I shall be ready to embrace thee with

* A Pawse. *A* liuelier Spirit.* So now I thank you.

Flo. Doucebella, farewell. (*Dou.*) Adieu sweet freind.

Flo. The lyke, to you. Come away, Sirrha Boy.

Raf. I come. Joice, I see Louers must part, so must wee too.

Joi. Rafe, to my bane be it spoken, I do feele me now to be,
Wholely, in quackmyre, for thy departure, Rafe.

Raf. What Remedy but Patience, Joice.

Joi. Rather a Remedy for Patience, Rafe.

Raf. Adieu, my sweet and sugred Joice.

Joi. Kind and honest Rafe, Adieu.

Raf. Neuer a deale the honester for you.

Joi. Goe Jewe, goe Jewe.

*ACT I SCEN 2.

NIM SHIFT *Lifts.*

*They mett
from Mal-
don and
from Har-
wich.

Nim. What! Fellow Shift! thou beest-welcome to Colchester
by these cupple of Teasters, Shift.*

* He clapt
his two
thumbs on
his fellowes
lips.

Shift. Whom do I vieu? whom do I behold? Nim? myne
old pewfellow at the occupation? What? *Gaudeo te valere*, Nim.

Nim. What now the newes, in London, Shift

Shift. These. Thames is as broade as it was euer, Poules
steeple stands in the place it did before, And Twopence is the
price for the going in, to a newe Playe there.

Nim. But what newe engins for maintainance of our trade?
Man.

Shift. These. First and Imprimis, if at any tyme I may but percieue Poules steeple hath gotten him a Surueyour, gingerly I steale after him, bind his two thumbes, flea his case, crack his crown, leaue him to the open mercy of the heauens, *Cælo tegitur qui non habet vnam.*

Nim. If in case a Bourger should passe that way, and in case the sayd Bourger should looke vp thither, for to take him thence a Modell, for to build him such an other steeple by, as was at first, *Tertio Elizabethæ*, I meane, so mightest thou be descried, so taken, so hangd. Forward.

Shift. Item and againe, if so, by chance, I see a Tearmer trudgeth toward the Temple, I take him by the sleeue, stare him in the face, bid him looke to himself, Then round as a Jugler's boxe, whiffe his vpper vestment, and away.

Nim. If they, in the streete, should obserue eury one haue but one single cloake a peice on his back, thou a couple, him none, Then necessarily they will conclude, thou, onely, thou, art the man must stand thyne own Defendaunt against this his Tearmer's case. Shift, be these thy Shifts? By the Lord of our Trade, I am, most repentauntly, sorie for thee, Shift. I can shew thee twenty nimbler Legerdies, then these be, in a day, Shift.

Shift. *Pæan ante victoriam*, Nim; Thou amblest, before thy Horse, to Market, Nim.

Nim. *Exitus acta probat*, Here some come, and here, loe, I will couch for my Praye, Shift.

Shift. Then come on thy wayes, I say to thee, And let vs behold it, Nim.

*ACT I. SCEN 3.

*WRIGHT PEARLE NIM SHIFT

* They
came from
Colchester.

* He drewe
furth his
writing Ta-
bles.

Wrigh. Nay, Mr. Pearle, if your worship be so Tropicall with mee, I must needes haue a paire of Tables for you.* Now, Sir, do you begin, I beseech you.

Perl. Thus, Wright, I do weaue thee my Exordium. *Volcane, Torno mihi labora, quantum potes poculum profundum*, which in English tearmes is to say, That thou wouldest make mee a most monstrous swinging standing Bolle, o vulcan.

Wrigh. Your Exordium is ill knit, Mr Doctor, I protest, never yet was I married I auowe to you, but liue still a Batchler.

Per. *A vulcan secundum quid I incantit*, viz. according that thy Sculpture, that thy Fabricature, or Hammercraft, Goodman Wright.

Wrigh. Now I vnderstand your good worship. Forward, Sir.

Perl. *Quantum potes profundum*, I iterate and I iterate it to thee.

Wrigh. Not too deepe, I pray you yet, least your worship chaunce be choakt with a grape as was once your Authour. Well.

Perl. Be the substance syluer, the Accidentall autem Pourtraitures be they three gilt Anticks with as many gilt spoutes in their Mouthes.

Wrigh. Sir, your Myserie?

Perl. They stand for the three Gods, of the three liquors, therein, shall be conteyned, *nempe* the God of Sack, the God of Hippocris, and the God of Metheglin.

Wrigh. So, Sir, to the rest.

Perl. Mettletallifer thou mayst enamell the rest with Toungs of as many cullours, as there be in the Raynbowe, they saye.

Wright. How many cullours, sayes your worship, hath the Raynbowe?

Perl. Innumerable.

Wrigh. Then, possibly, they be not to be set down, yet by your worships leaue, I haue hearde some saye the Rayne-Bowe has three cullours onely, and no more.

Perl. Propugne thou mee? I will oppugne thee, *Mille trahens varios aduerso Sole colores.*

Wrigh. That's not Innumerable. But saye what's your worship's Hieroglyphick, or symbole in these cullour Toungs?

Perl. Euen as these liquours, in this Bolle, conteyned, will make a man speake diuersitye of Toungs, so, *ex aduerso*, this Bolle these liquours conteyning, must, off necessity, be sett furth with variety of Toungs, to expresse the same.

Wrigh. But do you heare mee, Sir? will your worship haue no noses be sett among your Toungs? For such liquours, as these, will cause diuersity of Noses, well as of Toungs, you knowe.

Perl. Thou mayst, betweene euery two pyde Toungs, depose one gilt nose, So, with the Mother of Pearle, knock vp *Finis*.

Wrigh. Why, with the Mother of Pearle?

Perl. For Because my Mother was a Pearle.

Wrigh. But why, with *Finis*, M^r Doctor?

Perl. Because the word *Finis*, being cut in the wast, is Fine is, which Carfox way, may, Indifferently, be alluded to my Mother, to my Self, to my wife, as also, most adaptlye, to this my Bolle now.

Wrigh. Excellent. But against when, would your worship haue this Bolle ready now?

Against
this the pre-
sent dayes
night.

Perl. *By to morrow* night, against wassell, sure. Fellowe, what's thy Price now? saye.

Wrigh. *Quantum potes profundum* sayes your worship to mee? Mary, some twenty pounds sterling, with the Addition of one good odd Noble ouer and aboue.

Perl. A most reasonable Animal he is sure. Bring him, but to my howse, to morrow, shalt haue thy reward therefore.

Wrigh. I am so content. Farewell, Mr. Doctor.

Perl. O fare well to thee, my most Ingenious Wright. What a saucy yeoman was this! who would stand, so stiff, on Interrogatories, with my worships Patience! So he would but haue sayed Hum and but Hau, to mee, at euery worde I should haue spoken to him, I should haue furnished his drye valt with a whole shamble of Inuention, but still, so to interrupt mee, at eury style, with quæstion Philosophicall (when I know there is no more in him than, there is Pescod in an Oyster, or Oyster in a Pescod (you may take whither of the Two you please, in this place) For you must suppose, that I, I my self, haue engrossed it, whole, into myne own Scullery ward) The Petulant knaue hath so intoxicated my Brayne thereby, I shall weare my cap furred, whilst I liue by the meane. But viah, as very well sayeth that the dusty Prouerbe, Forewarnd forearmd, and therefore, for to Jogge it furth my worshipfull hed, before it settle, I will, presently, in, to Market, and see there, what sweet Fish there is, for dinner, now to be had. So a good god morrowe, vnto you all now, Gentlemen, the whiles.

Nim. So ho, So ho, I haue him, I haue him, So ho, So ho, who ho ho, who ho ho, ho ho ho, ho ho ho.

Shift. The Bolle! the Bolle, Nim! Where is it? Man, where ist?

Nim. Shift, If I shew thee not such a hurle, of Legerdemaine, as euer beheldst yet, with those Prunelles of thyne, Shift, neuer call mee Nim hencefurth. In Pawn whereof, Sirrha, come thou now dine, with mee at signe of the Tarlton straite, come.

Shift. I but, with what? Nim.

Nim. Wy the Bolle, Man, the Bolle.

Shift. A cold dinner, belyke thou meanest. But goe thou in before, after I shall haue sayd but grace, I will followe thee straite.

Nim. Grace? Shift.

Shift. A Song, I meant it.

Nim. If that be thy Grace, shift, let vs heare thee to sing it with a grace, shift. Begin. Shift thou shalt see mee, haue at this Bolle, anone, sure.

Shift. And to heaue at him too, Nim.

Nim. So to be vnderstood too, shift. Saye.

THE FIRST SONG.

1.

*With a whist and with a Hush
Hast wee both Two to the Bush
Before it be close of daye
To heaue this Bolle hoa, away
With a whist and with a Hush
Hast wee both Two to the Bush.*

2.

*Neither keene knife, nor yet Thumbe,
May whiff him by slit or by numbe,
Ned Brown, neither old Pocus
May haue their rules in this case,
With a whist and with a Hush
Haste wee, both Two, to the Bush.*

3.

*But wylie Nim, wylie Shift
Must heaue him at a dead lift,
The sleight lyeth, of the whole,
Not in the Thumbe, but in Soule,
With a whist and with a Hush
Hast wee, both Two, to the Bush.*

4.

*Goe wee, goe wee, both two,
Eftsoones to furnish vs now
With iuyce of vine-yard, so strong,
Both sconces, as doth belong,
With a whist and with a Hush
Hast wee, both Two, to the Bush.*

ACT I SCEN 4.

THE DIRECTION.

CLARIBEL *in cullour'd veluet, Gentleman lyke, as Floradin in cullours.* ARUANIA ROOKE JANEKIN. *A Seruing man in blew coate, CLARIBEL with letter in hand open.* *They enterd from Harwich all.*

Cla. Cleare vp those eyes, my dearest Aruanye,
That were framed neuer, I dare auouch,
For other end then for sport and dalliaunce,
Thou knowst Louers must part, so lykewise wee,
For what's the Thing, in this circumference,
That does not rise and fall by mutuall turne,
Then giue me leaue, sweet freind, For I protest,
From Harwich I part not with willingnes.

Aru. No no, my Joye, my comfort, Claribel,
I neuer expected other from first,
You men, when once you surfet on our Loue,
Or you haue got a Masterye on vs,
Straite you become so cold, so wauering,
So glorious and so fantastical,
That in your wordes and gestes you shewe such tokens,
As if what Venus meant you neuer knewe.

Cla. Why, louely freind, from my wife by letter,
On sudden newes of my returne from Bantam,
Am cited home, in hast, thou seest, to Maldon,
Batchelours may, as they please, or goe or tarrie,
Wee'are bound, by the chaine Necessitye,

To Children, Wife, and Family, Therefore,
Deare Hearte, persuade not, For I must be gone.

Aru. If once thou gett'st from mee thou'lt ne're returne.

Cla. Think'st mee, yfaith so dambd a wretch, I will
Contemne the dreadfull hand of wrathfull Joue,
To satisfye alone Comoditye!

Sooner shall this vayle rent in two, then that
I doe subscribe to that vyle Periurye.

Aru. Thy Parture pales not so my thoughts yet,
As care, if thou be parted, from my sight, once,
Thou wilt be cold and careles in thy loue,
Ha, this is it, that nippeth, Claribel.

Cla. Aruania, I protest, by that faire howre,
In which I first possest thy love itself,
Next, by that Ladder, hong, to hale mee vp, here,
Then by that fruite I reapt there, my Héarte,
Where that it setteth, firme as Adamante,
Shall bend vnto the Load-stars of thy eyes,
And that thou mayst suppose, I do not part
With willingnes, I do sollomly sweare now,
Ere winter, I will, againe, be in Harwich.

* She tooke
him by the
hand.

Aru. Sworne will you be perfourme what you sayd then? *
Not to forsake me but retourne with speede?

Cla. This and all, I do, dewly, sweare vnto,
And, on thy lip, do I seale the Bond thus.
Adieu, sweet freind, (*Aru.*) On condition y'haue leaue.
Sweet Loue Adieu. (*Cla.*) Adieu once more. (*Aru.*) Farewell.

Cla. Come away, Knave. (*Roö.*) I come. (*Ar.*) And you.
(*Jan*) I come.

Roo. But, Janekin, what wilt now doe when I am gone?

Jan. I shall be troubled, with a Ladyes disease, Rooke.

Roo. What's that? Janekin, say you.

Jan. With a Ladyes Longing, Rooke.

Roo. I, with a Lordes, Janekin.

Jan. What's that? say you too now.

Roo. With a most Importunate and furious Priapisme, Janekin.

Jan. But how? if it wax too furious? Rooke.

Roo. Fresh water will quell him, Janekin myne.

Jan. Rooke, Adieu.

Roo. The lyke, Janekin to you.

Here they knockt vp the Consort.

ACT II SCEN 1.

* *PIGOT NIM SHIFT from Colchester.*

* With
Shift's
coate under
his arme.

Pig. You whooreson dishonest Knaues, then will you come to an honest mans howse, And there eate vp his meate and his drinke, then to haue no moneyes in your purses to paye him his Reckoning, when so you haue done, loe?

Shift. Myne Host Pigot, what needed this stirr? *Quod defertur non aufertur*, thou shalt haue it all, before night, I assure thee, Man.

Pig. *Qui non est hodie cras minus aptus erit.*

Nim. Good M^r Pigot, let my fellowe haue his coate. There will be a Bolle, here, anone, shall paye for all, yfecks.

Pig. Then Lightning light on my Pate.

Shift. And the Hæmoroides consume thy fundament, Pigot.

Nim. O more than Scythian inhospitallitye, shall a good fellowe, hauing no more shifts than he hath, be turned furth all the shifts he hath, but for some little scurue meate and drink? Ha.

Pig. Heare you, Gentlemen, when your Bolle comes you shall haue more, In the meane tyme, honest Homers both, get you furth my doore.

Shift. Hearst, Pigot, if my fellowe do not compasse this Bolle what shall I giue thee? But if my Fellowe do compasse this Bolle, what wilt, contrary wise pawn to me?

Pig. Pardon mee, Gentlemen, for I vse not deale vpon returnes.

Nim. Pigot, for thy Incredulity, thou art damd, the Bolle is, sure, myne, as that money is thyne, in thy Pocket, Pigot.

* He feelles
his pockets.

Pig. Let me see, whither thou lyst, Sirrha.*

Nim. In Instance of which, Loe, yonder, comes my Man, Pigot.

Shift. Thy Man? Nim. Where where is he, Nim, where.

Pig. Let mee haue but a sight of him, Sirrha.

Nim. Nay but stand close, I saye to you both, and waite wee but the comming furth of the Gander all, Come.

ACT II SCEN 2.

WRIGHT *alone.*

Wrigh. Loe you all, honest Gentlemen, I haue ended, here, his Bolle for him, yet notwithstanding, I dare auouch, for him that a foolisher gawde hath neuer, yet, beene aduised, nay nor,

yet, deuised, by any hath, in him, a reasonable soule to be saued by. Thus may good stuff be abused, you see, if it fall into a Fooles hand. The best is, if so be, any tyme, hence-furth, it shall fall into a wise mans hand, he will then, sure, founder him, new, into some goodly Bell, so, after, for to plant him, close and flat on the Fooles weather cock, that so he may rattle with him, lyke a Bull calf, as he passes along. Yet I will carry him home, as he appointed mee, and ask my money therefore. Who's within here? God saue you, M^{rs} Pearle, God saue, I pray is M^r Doctor at home?

ACT II SCEN 3.

CHRISTIAN WRIGHT NIM SHIFT PIGOT.

Christ. No, but if you would any thing with him, I am, as he, rightly, Epithetizeth mee, the closet of his mind.

Wrigh. I haue brought him here, loe, a standing Bolle, he bespoke against Wassell. Say you, Mistris, how lyke you the workmanship of him?

Christ. By St. Fryday, it may be yclipt well, of the wonders of the world, the Eighth.

Pig. Thou, the Ninth.

Nim. Peace, Pigot.

Pig. Should I not speake? when I haue reason? Ho.

Wrigh. Mistris, you may deliuer him it from mee, And tell him, I will come, againe, for my money, soone.

Christ. So, Sir.

Wrigh. Adieu, M^{rs} Pearle.

Christ. M^r Wright, And you.

Pig. Freind, where is this Bolle now?

Shift. Nim, wee saw the Bolle to glister that it was a Bolle, wee hearde the Bolle to gingle that it was a Bolle, And wee vnderstood them talking that it was a Bolle too, But neuer could wee come to the fingring of it yet, that it was a Bolle, Nim.

Nim. Rome was not built in a day, Masters, Nor a Syluer Bolle may be conueyed so soone, *Tantæ molis erat Romanum condere gentem*, yet marke my Agilitye.

Pig. Shift, didst observe his Agilitye? Nim is nimbd his way, and Shift is left behind, Shift for the whole Reckoning, loc.

Shift. Pigot, thou art an Asse, wee that liue, by hookes and by crotchets, be the trewest Knaues, the one to the other, as any be, in this wide world, I wisse. For loe you now, myne Host Pigot, if in case *but* he should but now treade his shooe awry, and leaue mee pay the whole Reckoning, I so, in a spleene might bewraye a thousand villanies he hath committed in his dayes, nay the whole Fraternity besyde, so that, by consequence of the Bargaine, he might, very easily, be hangd, the whole Fraternitye extinct, And Shift shift trewe man to shift his neck furth the Halter. Loe, where he comes, and a Hare with him, in companie, too, to mend, I hope, our ordinary, See.

dilue

ACT II SCEN 4.

NIM with a Hare SHIFT.

Nim. O Master Mercury, inspire me with some witt, I may now nimb this Bolle and be extold by it.

Shift. With a Heaue and a Ho.

Nim. Hoa, whoe's within.

ACT II SCEN 5.

CHRISTIAN NIM SHIFT PIGOT.

Christ. What lack you? young Man.

Nim. Is M^{rs} Pearles Horeship at home?

Christ. I am that Pearle.

Pig. For fault of a better.

Nim. Textually, Mistriss, M^r Doctor recommends him to you, sends you, here, by mee, a Hare, Biddes you bestowe your whole Cookery on him, Bringeth certaine strangers, along, with him, to dinner, M^r Wright, my Master is bidden among the rest.

Christ. Come, giue him mee.

Nim. Here Mistris. Moreouer and aboue he requireth, you would send him, by mee, a standing Bolle, that was, he sayes, brought you, this morning, by my Master.

Christ. What will his worship do with it? do you troe.

Nim. Mary, Mistris, he purposes haue him newe molten, and haue his own linaments of face placed on him, in lieu of one of the Anticks, he sayes.

Christ. Tarry but, I will fetch him you.

Shift. Excellent.

Nim. Now, Mercury, if it be thy deare will, graunt, o graunt, I may but nimb this Bolle, then in honour of thy Sacred triple name, I will, once the day, pick purses one, two, and three, as an acceptable, or Lucri-odiferous offering to thee. But loe it is myne own, sure, I auowe to you all, Sirs, See.

ACT II. SCEN 6.

CHRISTIAN NIM SHIFT PIGOT.

Christ. Hold you, Freind.

Nim. I thank you, Mistris. Trillill, myne Host, Am I not now the man? Am I not now that Troian? *Totam qui condere gentem occæpit?* Ha.

Pig. As I am trewe Pigot, yea trewe Pigot, *quasi* and as it were trewe Spiggot, most trewly conueyd.

Nim. The Bolle, thou meanst it.

Pig. What els? For I do well see the effect thereof.

Nim. Now, Sirs, the sport will be, See M^r Doctor, when he comes home and misses his Bolle, stare with his eyes, grind with his teeth, stamp with his feet, foame at mouth, call his Bedfellow whoore, Harlot, Bitch, and twenty more culuering Bolts, he will cause be, full and blank, discharged, on her, then, *Quos nunc emittere longum est.*

Shift. Lets, quickly, now goe in, snatch dinner, after come furth, take our stands, and obserue the Beare-bating. Come.

Nim. Agreed.

Pig. And, Gentlemen, for a Hansell of your newe Bolle, I will bestowe a Quart of my best Hippocris, heartily, on you.

Shift. And wee, myne Host, will drink him, to thee, as heartilye.

Pig. First a Song of Thanksgiuing, then goe on. Yea and shalt haue thy coate, Shift, now too.

THE SECOND SONG *The Hosts Song being.*

1.

*All lawd and Prayse be giu'n to God,
For each his gift both small and greate,
With which he, in numbrous loadē,
Doth humane wretches us entreate.*

2.

*If wee should all our forces bend,
To recompense his benefits,
Wee should not our selues yet defend,
From our fell Aduersaryes drifts.*

3.

*Who eury howre doth pitch his toyle,
Our careles feet, in them, t' enwrap,
Which if they should but giue vs foyle,
What should become of our poore hap.*

4.

*On vs, good Lord, poure furth thy Grace,
Wee reape each thing without our doubt,
Then shall wee in spite of Diuills face,
Receiue such things wee HOOKE about.*

*ACT II SCEN 7.

FLORADIN ARUANIA RAFE JANEKIN.

Flo. Shall I not make thee confesse? Mignian,
(Whiles I haue beene in my Trauell abroad)

*They
came from
Harwich
all.

How this engin came tyde to my windowe,
Or to what purpose 'twas here hong vp? Ha.

Aru. You, vainly, labour to get, from mee That
I shall neuer vnfold, For by that knot
That iointly, int' one vnitye, bound vs,
This engin, till this day, I neuer sawe.

Rafe. I but twenty other you haue both seene and felt, in
your dayes, Mistris.

Flo. Is it possible, Aruania, what?
A vice of Roapes, without thy Priuitye,
Should be hanged, I troe, at that windowe,
Where vsually, a mornes, thou dost deck thee,
And then to stamp it, full, into my face,
The engin, till this day, thou neuer sawe?

Raf. Some hauing espide a Bunnes neast, in the windowe,
the day, haue, here, set the Scalado, to besiege, at night, sure.

Flo. Might it not be some of my Seruaunts? Troe,
To scale my window, in the night, so to
Cut my throate, and rob my howse? (*Ar.*) Floradin,
Vpon faith and worde, if I were asked,
I dare, for their Fidelities, be sworne,
For my self, Sir, the Gods forbid I should but,
Against your self, ere harbour such a thought;
You know, since our nuptiall, these twenty Summers,
What seruice I have yeilded to your will,
What care, what loue, In instance of the which,
I call thy self vnto my Record, Man,
What thing? did you, any tyme, demaund,
Albeit it sport, but I haue done it.

Raf. See, how cunningly my Mistris flatters him.

Aru. What lykwise drudgerie? ere commaunded you,
But too I haue done it, Then, Floradin,
By the dreade Gods, shake off your Jelouzie,
And frolick faire, and chearely looke vpon mee,
Thy wife, thy loue, thy faithfull Aruanye.

Flo. Tell mee, gentle Aruanye, is it not
A Jin? to trolle a Jacke, vnto your Bed, a nights?
Come I not now neare you? gentle Spouse myne?

Aru. I do defye all such, that dare auerre,
That I am false vnto my Husbands bed.

Flo. But ist no Mark? to bring thy Haulk to lure?

Aru. I haue no Haulk, to bring, I you assure.

Flo. I can no longer hold, Therefore t' outface
Thy shamles Impudency, loe, strumpet,
What I haue found, among thy boxes, late.

Raf. *Victus*, y faith, *victus*, *victa*, *victum*.

Aru. O mee, most miserable woman (*Flo.*) Lets see.
Come thou but, betweene the howres Two and Three,
A vice of Roapes shall be hung, furth, for thee.
The Lord, I had his name, I might now teare,
From their Regions, the Letchours entrayles,
For as I do, peicemeale, teare these Dictions
So should teare, from his ioints, his quarters,
But where's nought must needes there Patience be.
Aruania, I will neither schoole nor chide thee,
That were, when th' hopes past, clench an Aethiope,
But by the sacred oast, I sweare, to heauen,
I will leaue thee a begger, to the world,

As euer yet was any, and so will make thee
 The onely Mirrhour of Ingratitude,
 For all mens eyes, to gaze and wonder at,
 The shame, the schorne, the Peoples obloquie.

Aru. Ai mee. (*Jan.*) Deare Mistris (*Flo.*) Get in, get in
 Baggage.

Get in, from me, get in, I say, you whoore.

Raf. Mistris, Mistris, o beare you this your crosse with more
 then Grisilæan Magnanimity, Oh, It will make you wise and
 fall warie how euer you *come* into lyke lime againe, Faine, Mistris,
 I would haue shed teares for you, But they be such Milstones,
 by my Troth, I should haue afflict you worse with the faces I
 should haue made with them. Farewell, my deare Mistris, Fare
 well. Sir what be you now doing?

Flo. I am studdying what course I were best to take now.

Raf. It had beene better, you had studdied first, what you
 should haue done before you had cast her off, then now to
 studdy, what you would doe, now you haue cast her off, Sir.

Flo. I will studdy, at the Vniversitye, sure.

Raf. Studdy will breede Melancholy, and that Melancholy
 being added to this Melancholy, now you be in, will turne you
 into Bedlam.

Flo. I will Iorney, back, into Italy.

Raf. Hauing already hornes, as you haue, then lykewise
 being Italionate, so might you become Diuell Incarnate.

Flo. O mee most miserable, what to doe or saye.

Raf. Now will you heare mee speake? Sir.

Flo. Saye, wee do heare you, Sir.

Raf. The Spaniards, as your worship well knowes, be now on

our *cost* intending, with a puisant Rascallity, as is to be supposed, inuade our Land, Now, Sir, if you would but suffer mee rule you, who, in good sooth, should not rule you, I could wish both, now serue, in paye, vnder her Maiesty, who now herself is, in Person, at Tilbury, gathering there together, the hornes of her Power, to suppress them.

Flo. The fittest course could be deuised. Follow.

Raf. So, if you be wearie, as you say you are, of your life, you may so, chaunce, haue your braynes dashed furth with a keleeuer, *alias dictum* a Cleauer.

Flo. Come, I say.

Raf. Not too fast yet, For it is good comming first to a Feast and last to a Fraye.

Flo. I, Sir, and enough is good as a Feast, they saye. Come.

Raf. I do come.

*ACT II SCEN 8.

CLARIBELL DOUCEBELLA ROOKE.

* They
come from
Maldon.

Cla. Doucebella, fare well and Adieu, See you looke to my howse, I will but visite, loe, my Bark, now riding at Harwich, and within three or foure dayes, I will, againe, be at home.

Dou. Or Foure but ?

Cla. No more then Foure Sweet Bed-Make.

Dou. O bitter Anguish to my dying Soule.

Cla. I prithy, get in, and looke to thy charge, I say; Incontinent, I will returne.

Dou. Incontinent ? Sir.

Cla. Incontinently Incontinent.

Dou. Fare well my Lord, if needes so you will haue it then,
But

* He
frownd on
her, her
back being
turnd.

Cla. Adieu, Sweet Duck.*

Roo. And be hangd, quoth the Clark.

Cla. Vnfortunate Claribel, that euer

Lynkt thou hast beene to noble Parentage,
For as that wight (gaue name to Icarie)
So high soared the burning sphære, that molt
Weren, at last, the bearers of his Flight,
So those wiues, that be sprong from high descent,
Will stint their Prodigall spendings neuer,
Till they haue consumd their husbands to cinders.
I speake not this, to repine at any
They spend in reason, But to make their howses
Stewes and Brothells, it searcheth to our marrowes,
For, Lords, what Reakes haue beene kept in my howse,
(Ere my home returne from my worldly Trafique)
Here in Maldon! this tweluemonths space, what sports!
What games! what Playes! That no where I may passe,
But rimes be made up against my Bed, and Hornes
Hung at my gate, Besyde which, Creditors
Rush vpon mee, which if they do but follow
I see no meane there's But *bonds* and Fetters,
Therefore, Doucebell, accuse thee I nill,
Thy freinds be mighty, and may down payse mee,
But that I loath thy falshood, I will leaue
Thy self to thy self, nor ere hence more looke
Vpon thy false abhorred face, But as
Thou hast liud a blot to mee and myne,

gyues

So will I lyue from sight of thyne, And thus
I bend my steps vnto the clefts of Harwich,
There retyred my former dayes to guarish.
Come away Sir, (*Roo.*) I follow you Sir.

Here they knockt vp the Consort.

*ACT III SCEN 1.

DENHAM LACY *booted and spurrd, with Truncheons both.*

Denh. CAPTAINE Lacy, whither away? Saye.

Lac. Sir, to London, with a presse, and you?

Denh. I, to Tilbury, with my Presse, newly, pressed.

Lac. I haue to tell you, Denham, that the campe is remoued
to Colchester, And that, thither, I had expresse Commaundment,
to direct you, from the Queene.

Denh. Be it so. But what's the newes now? Lacy.

Lac. These. The Enemy haue layne their soules to gage,
they will enter with their forces, before to morrow night Col-
chester *Twown*, Sent a Herault, they will, next day Imediatly, ^{Town}
ensewing, take the honourable Citie of London, vntyle their
howses, crack their Maydenheds, pull down churches, set vp
brothells, and twenty other Termagaunt offers, be not to be
named, by any, beares but the name of a christian, Denham.

Denh. But what the Third day? Lacy.

Lac. They threaten, the Third day, they will geld our Law-
yers, For it is to be supposed, they say, if they should but
leaue them vngelded, as they be, they would Multiplie to that
encrease, that hauing no Commons left them, in England, they

* They
mett, Den-
ham from
Maldon,
Lacy from
Harwich.

would swim ouer, in shoales, to the Indyees, And there (as the Gothes, whilom, did in Italy) vndoe Spaine of his gold mines, so to returne home, with golden whips, vpon the long Tayle of this our Land.

Denh. On that condition, would I were one too, Lacy.

Lac. Gelded, thou meanst it.

Denh. Nay, for that, my Horse should be my Deputie, Lacy.

Lac. As how? saye.

Denh. Thus, Euen as our Parsons be bound, either goe to the warrs themselues, or to send thither a Horse in their steede, So I, for some small vnguent, I should applye to my Geldin his cods, he should supplye my roome, Lacy.

Lac. Most excellent.

Denh. But what sayes Elyzabeth to these braues? Lacy.
Saye o saye.

Lac. Little or nothing, But lyke a sufficient wise Lady, the world knowes her she be, she hath sent the Lord Admirall and diuers before, to confront them with her Fleet, But what will become (of) his Embasie, the Lord knowes, Captaine Denham, not wee.

Denh. How think you it will proue? Captaine

Lac. No leisure I haue now to tarry with you, But this assure you, wee shall come home, all vs, with our Pates broken crosse.

Denh. Be it but that, Captaine, I do not doubt, But that wee shall, easily, repaye them their Quarters likewise.

Lac. My hope's wee shall. Adieu.

Denh. The lyke to you, Captaine Lacy.

Lac. And send vs all a Magazine of Purchase.

Denh. The Lord, wee may. Adieu.*

* They
crossed
Denham to
Harwich,
Lacy to
Maldon.

ACT III SCEN 2.

ARUANIA JANEKIN *from Harwich.*

Aru. Faith, Janekin, since the good man hath forsaken howse and harbour thus, what shall wee two, now, do? to repaire the broken walles of him, since he hath left vs the whole amends, in our hands, loe.

Jan. I think it conuenient, wee let them furth to Beggers, Mistris, And trusse those ragges, he hath left vs, and to seeke an other place of feeding.

Aru. If he had had, any the least drop of a christian's blood, in him, he would neuer haue left vs, in the lurch thus, without any one groate to blesse vs, Janekin myne.

Jan. Trewly, Mistris, I would willingly, trauell to London, seeke my Fortune there. They say there, their howses be of Marchpaines, and the walles, all be of Custard crusts, yfecks.

Aru. A pretie Metaphore it is, yet I see, thou knowest not, what the trewe meaning, thereof, is, Foole.

Jan. Yet, in sadnes, let vs trauell thither, For as the Pro-uerbe auerreth, Store is no Sore. There, perhaps, wee may gather yet, vnder boarde, a fewe of their crummes, or some of the scraps of their loathed refusalls, Mistris.

Aru. Fye, Fye, Let vs neuer beg, for the matter, good Janekin, Thou knowest Beggers be but the froth and scumme of the world. It were much better, since thou and I haue beene, so long, Migrians to sacred Minerua, turne embroiderers there, so for to scratch vs a liuing, furth both, the very excrement of the worme, Janekin.

Jan. Mistris, be it as you have sayd, yet first, notwithstanding, wee be to looke, right narrowly, to it, before wee shall be got thither, wee be not taken vp, both vs, for a Commodity of rawe Sylk, Mistris.

Aru. Why so? I pray you, why rawe sylk? you Foole.

Jan. The wayes, now, be so pesterd, with soldiers, Mistris, wee shall not passe, for them, Scot free, I feare, Is not that raw or rawe Sylk? I pray you.

Aru. Janekin, myne own credit be it on pawn for that, wee haue a Queene, now Generall of the Campe, who resideth now in Colchester, she is the Mayde of Maydes, and the woman of women, and she will protect, I am sure, distressed women in their neede, Thither let vs, she shall be my *ultimum Refugium*, and vnder hope of her sacred Justice, I will set forward what euer come of it, Then come, I say, confidently, and let vs be iogging both.

Jan. Mistris, Since you be determind so, I will obey you, in what I may.

Aru. One thing may not be forgot yet.

Jan. What is it? I pray you.

Aru. A whole Bottle of Rosa Solis hath not his fellowe, for a broken contrited heart, wench. Hast any, about thee? Janekin, Saye.

Jan. A whole Bottle, for the nonce, Mistris.

Aru. That's an own wench, by my Troth. Come on, one lip-pet of him before wee part. So, now come on in God's name, Let vs both take horse, and away, once more come on.

Jan. I obey you, Mistris.

Aru. But first, thy newe ditty, I prithy. Saye.

THE THIRD SONG.

1.

*Sorrow, Sorrow make hast with speedy wing,
Eyes fall floods for my departing,
You Birds that, by way, do sitt harbouring,
Bear witnes of my dishearting.*

2.

*The Trees drop leaues in Symbole of my Plight,
The Floods rise at my ouerthrowe,
The caues bellowe, for mee, distressed wight,
The Rocks rebellowe with my woe.*

3.

*Come all you Ladyes of the Hills and dales,
Comfort mee in my wretched neede,
My deare, alas, hath lept over the Pales,
And left mee nought but greife in steede.*

4.

*Why wayle I thus for it that will not be?
Hee's flown, hee's flown, I sweare by Pan,
Then let mee sing to those giue eare to mee,
Come home, come home, o my good man.*

ACT III SCEN 3.

NIM SHIFT PIGOT.

Nim. Couch close, myne Host, and stint thy coughing, or wee shall loose the game, by thy meane, now.

Pig. Gentlemen, I am so pesterd with a Murr, I may not chuse,

Nim. Then once, for all, and be hangd.

Pig. Come on.

Nim. Yet.

Pig. Well.

Nim. Yet.

Pig. So.

Shift. One pluck more, I beseech you.

Pig. Goe to, one pluck more.

Nim. Now stint, Behold Calues comming will cause thee cough furth thy lungs, Pigot.

Pig. Recall your opinions, Gentlemen, For they be sheepe, not Calues, you do behold.

Shift. Obserue wee yet the conclusion hereof.

Pig. Come on. Sheepe, by my Troth.

ACT III SCEN 4.

JOICE DOUCEBELLA from the Tarlton PIGOT.

Joi. Deare Mistris, will you neuër leaue? troubling you thus, But make yourself a Pinaunt and a Ghost, for one, who cares not, I protest, the sole price of one blew Button, for you, what?

Don. My sweetest Joice, shall I tell thee what? This is the very case and maine of it. In deede the man himself, he is such an other, in regard of his basenesse, I may well spare him for an other, But to loose such a Portion by him, as also all that, I brought, with mee, to him, too, for nothing, may moue a con-

stanter Temper than my self am off, to bewayle the Fortune, Joice.

Joi. I marry, Mistris, now you speake, Somewhat to the purpose, indeed, la. But what does your worship intend doe herein now? or wherefore haue you brought vs to Colchester? Mistris.

Dou. Mary thus, pretie Joice, I intend to do herein, now. I heare it certainly reported, by some, since our comming to Town, that my Foole, he intends become a Capouchin.

Joi. Intends? Mistris. That he is already, by your leaue and by your license, Mistris.

Dou. I prithy, interrupt mee not, But heare what I shall say to thee. Foole.

Joi. Saye on.

Dou. Since I cannot find him here in Colchester, as I was perswaded I should haue done, without further abode here, I am determined now hunt, drye foote, after him, far as, from hence, to Harwich, Joice.

Joi. How will you passe, for Soldiers? Lambe.

Dou. Hauing already her Maiesties Passe-port, and being both vs, women, as her self is, too, I do not doubt, but that wee shall so obteyne an easy passe, nay too reach Harwich yet, before to morrow night, Joice.

Joi. Well, then?

Dou. There before my Foole get him aboard, First and *Imprimis*, I will take him by the Capouch, then will I threaten him, if so he will not make his Peace with mee, to witnes against him, as against a Traitour, and that hence he was flying to the Enemyes Fleet, so after to become a Capouchin, and that the

Martialls be all now vp to apprehend him, who rather then that he will forfaite so much of his soule for a lye, I think he will be better aduised, and come to composition with mee his Repudiate, with the Martialls also, thou vnderstandest mee? Joice? How sayest thou? will not this most strongly work vpon him? Joice.

Joi. Yes, in good Truth, will it, Mistris, And therefore, I could wish, you would about it, with all the speede you may, Mistris.

Dou. Well rememberd. It is the best indeede la, And therefore do thou, Incontinently, bid James saddle our Two Naggs, and make before vs, to the Mount-style, that is without the Town, while thou and I get the money Bagges together, and come after.

Joi. But will not our moneys be let furth, for vs, by the way, weene you?

Dou. No, I warrant thee, goe and feare not.

Joi. I goe, and will not be long, before I be with you againe, Mistris.

Dou. Doe so, good Joice, In the meane tyme, with the best speed I may, I will make mee ready, vntill thou come. Come on thy wayes.

Joi. I come.

Pig. Wheu heu, wheu heu, Now goe thy wayes, for as arrant an Ewe, as euer pist, I auowe. But returne wee now, all, to that the buisnesse wee haue in hand now, For, loe, in Pudding time, yonder come the Calues wee talkt, I suppose; Stand close, I bid you all, and listen, vnto them, wee.

ACT III SCEN 5.

SANDERS PEARLE PERIMAN WRIGHT NIM SHIFT PIGOT.

Sand. Not too fast, M^r Doctor, not too fast, Sir, Take vs also, along with you, I beseech you, Sir.

Perl. M^r Sanders and M^r Periman, If I shewe you not such a peice of Hammer-craft, as euer, yet, hath been fabricated on a Cyclopean stithye, neuer giue you my worship credit hence-furth.

Peri. Is it possible, such Inuention you speake? should be couched in the Pate of man? M^r Doctor.

Perl. It is a Riddle

Pig. Which none but Nim may disolue.

Sand. Then wee beseech you, Sir, you would but riddle vs your Riddle.

Perl. If Oedypus were aliue, he might not dissolue it.

Wrigh. Gentlemen, thus much, I dare, myself, assure you, I haue done much work in my dayes, but that euer yet I did any comparable to this I can not affirme.

Peri. Prithy, what's the deuice of him? saye.

Perl. No, as thou respectest my heauy hand, wright.

Wrigh. Hands off, I pray you, Sir.

Perl. You shall be the seuerall Explicitors, all, of the Gordian, Now for as much as I would willingly know, of what dough, your Seuerall Pericraniums be kneaded, Sirs, you shall not præmeditate your solutions, before you trye it your selues.

Sand. Sir, after these Præambles, shall wee haue a sight of your Monster now?

Perl. No, For who so enterd, into the Sanctuary of their Gods, vsed first clench them with drops of the well, So you, before you drink of this neuer-too-much-to be admired Hippocrene, must wash your harish throates, now first, with the sweet dewes of an Hymne.

Peri. M^r Doctor, wee neuer learned sing, in our liues, you know.

Perl. Then let the Goldsmith now for to streyne him, while I my self beare, to him, a Burden.

Shift. And wee, out of this corner, lyke that the Three-fold Echo, will make three Reports to your Burden.

Nim. And with Three claps, vpon the Bum of him together.

Perl. Begin, Wright, begin, Man.

Peri. If by any meane, it may so stand with your will, I pray dispenche with your Song, and shewe vs but your Bolle.

Perl. Not vpon any condition, M^r Periman, I do assure you.

Sand. Yet be it so, good M^r Doctor, wee beseech you, Sir.

Perl. Well then, goe to, at both your seruices, be it, Gentlemen.

Pig. Now open the eyes of all Things, Spirituall, cælestiall, Aquaticall, Aeriall, Terrestriall, for to behold this Monster, in Nature, furth comming. I do Implore you all, you Gods, of Olympus, all.

Perl. Hoa, Christian, Hoa.

ACT III SCEN 6.

CHRISTIAN SANDERS PEARLE WRIGHT PERIMAN NIM SHIFT
PIGOT.

Christ. Here, forsooth, Husband.

Perl. Woman, bring mee furth that standing Bolle, that was brought thee from mee, full well do I know, this morning.

Christ. Sir, I sent it you back an howre agone.

Perl. Sent mee it back an howre agone? where? when? whither? why? by whom? Say you whoore.

Christ. M^r Wrights man came for it, in your worships name.

Perl. I sent for no Bolle, you cuck queane, I, M^r Wright, did you send for any? Ha.

Wright. Trewly, Sir, I brought it her self my self, this morning, But neuer I protest to you, I did send for him againe.

Christ. I think, you will reduce mee into a Madnes. Did not your worship send mee a Hare? in token thereof? this morne, to be drest, against your comming home, with certaine strangers to dine with you? Ha.

Nim. That's most trewe.

Perl. I sent you no Hare I, nor had I any stranger dine with mee to day. Saye, Gentlemen, did I bid any you dine, with mee, to day? Saye o Saye.

Sand. Neither to day, nor any tyme heretofore, wee durst be sworne, on a Booke, for it, M^r Doctor.

Perl. Is my standing Bolle gone? you whoore, Ha.

Christ. Did not your worship send mee worde, you were pur-

posed haue your own face be set vpon him, in lieu of one of the Anticks, Sir, Ha?

Peri. Wast Antique work? M^r Doctor.

Perl. Didst deliuer him on that token? Ha.

Christ. I did.

Perl. Hore, Hare, Harlot, Bitch, Fellatrice, Witch, Bawde, Ribaud, Tribade.

Sand. Patient your self.

Perl. I will turne her hood ouer her eares.

Peri. *Leniter qui sæuiunt sapiunt magis.*

Perl. *Sapiunt magis!* I know that to be most trewe. Why, I haue beene, these twenty Summers, a Professor, here, in Colchester, yet was I neuer so disgract in all those Summers. Gentlemen, but suffer I come vpon her, I may bestryde her, now.

Peri. Conteyne your self, Sir.

Sand. Doubtles, some of your freinds, minding bring you him filld with Hippocris, haue left you, in pawn thereof, a Hare, loe.

Perl. Is my Standing Bolle gone? yfaith.

Sand. Come, Sir, but walk one turne, in the feild, and coole you, Then come wee back, all, make an end of this Noble Lepus, Come I saye.

Perl. First let me haue but one fling, at her, I beseech you.

Sand. It may not be.

Perl. Hearst? *Quod defertur non aufertur.* Find my Bolle against my comming home, Huswife, or looke you for no other, then for Fyar and Brimstone, from these fists you see.

Christ. Most ghastly Thunder-claps they will be, I assure you, Gentlemen.

Sand. Come I pray you ; Fie, M^r Doctor, who would haue thought you had beene so teasty. Fye, come I say.

Wrigh. I beseech your worship, you would but deliuer mee, now, my money, I might be gone.

Peri. That's a newe Song now.

Perl. Fellow, I am mou'd, See you prouoke mee not.

Wrigh. I will followe, and speake to him, when he shall be in his better mood, For now, quæstionles, he wants the speciall difference of a Man.

Nim. Shift, didst euer heare better Musick ? in thy dayes ? Shift.

Shift. No, by the Crowd of Apollo, Nim, haue I. Why, Sirrha, this now was better to mee, than a Paire of Recorders, I auow.

Pig. A Paire of Disorders, you should haue sayd, Gentlemen. But now come, let vs in, all, and then laugh a good, at this newe come dauncer, and dauncing Hobbie-Horse, Come.

Shift. Goe but you before, I will follow you. Hoa.

ACT III SCEN 7.

CHRISTIAN SHIFT.

Christ. What lack you ? freind.

Shift. Good newes, Mistris, good newes, your Bolle is found.

Christ. Found ! The Blessing of our Sauour.

Shift. Mistris, It is found I assure you. It was but a deuice of M^r Sanders, to put his worship in a chafe, And now they be laughing the Gentleman, for it, furth his coate, all.

Christ. M^r Sanders will neuer leaue his Caprichioes, I con-

cieue him trewe, But beshrowe his hearte for it, For he has purchased mee a foule day by the meane.

Shift. My comming now, Mistris, was for a Hare was bespoake for dinner. They mind all, to be merry with him now, at Mr Sanders his howse, and require, you would but come ouer, also your self, and to eate your part thereof.

Christ. Neuer with a better appetite since I was borne. Tarry but here, I will fetch him to you straite.

Shift. Now, Lord, send vs but such an other Beare-bating, once more, wee all do beseech thee, and that, with the best of our Soules, o thou our most blessed Lord and Sauour thou. But loe, here she comes. I haue him, loe.

ACT III SCEN 8.

CHRISTIAN SHIFT.

Christ. Hold you, young Man.

Shif. Mistris, dispatch, and make you ready, els they will be set, all, ere you come.

Christ. I warrant you, Freind, I.

Shift. Oh, I thank you, Mistris.

THE DIRECTION.

Here she deliuerd him the Hare, in a Platter, roasted. He made a Mowe at her, as she turnd her Back.

Here they knockt vp the Consort.

ACT IV SCEN 1.

THE DIRECTION.

ARUANIA DOUCEBELLA *in their riding attyres, Attendaunts Two in blewe and Tawny coates, Their women on either syde. DOUCEBELLA from Maldon, ARUANIA from Harwich. They spake aloofe.*

ARUANIA DOUCEBELLA.

Aru. THUS warrs abroad and warrs in mind Importune,
I leaue my home and seeke abroad my Fortune.

Dou. THUS warrs in mind and none abroad compells mee,
To seeke out one, who'll nere be found, he tells mee.

Aru. I had a husband once, but he's bereft mee.

Dou. I had a husband once, but he has left mee.

Aru. A worse then myne the wordly eye beholds not.

Dou. A worse then myne, the heauenly coupe enfolds not.

Aru. He was repleate with poison inwardly,
And filld with Pride, and rancour outwardly.

Dou. Myne was as meeke as Aprill outwardly,
But full of sleights and falsehood inwardly.

Aru. Who would haue thought, Fate would haue plagu'd
mee so ?

Dou. Who would haue thought mingle she would such woe ?

Aru. Loe greife will eate mee, till it burst my heart.

Dou. Loe greife will gripe mee, till I sink and part.

Aru. But had I one, lyke to my self in sorrow,
To whom I might vnburden all my sorrow.

* myne

Dou. But had I *an** equall mate in Fortune
To whom I might vnclaspe myne equall Fortune.

Aru. I might win, thereby, some redresse, I troe.
To ease these greifs, that doe torment me so.

Dou. I might some consolation reape at least,
Till these my sorrowes were, at once, redrest.

Aru. And yonder comes a Lady down the Hill,
Counting her silent steps with numbers still.

Dou. And loe a woefull Lady I espie
And sad, I weene, in gate and sad in eye.

Aru. Her woes do much, mee thinks ; resemble myne.

Dou. Her greifs, Doucebell, swerue not much from thyne.

Aru. I will preuent her in saluting first.

Dou. I will preuent her in saluting first.

Aru. Lady, be you be well encounterd, Hayle vnto your self,
and a good god morrowe vnto your goodly companie.

Dou. Madame, the lyke to you, and to your companie I
wish.

Aru. If I may be bold ask, whither be you now traueilling
I beseech you?

Dou. Farr as Harwich Clefts. You, Madame?

Aru. I to London certes, For now here her Maiesties Campe
is so huge and mighty, I may not abide, one howre, in place, I
assure you, what make you them among.

Dou. Truth without fraude or dissimulation, my Husband
left me sole and forlorne at Maldon, and highed him hither to
hide him from mee, so drawne mee, after him on woole-gather-
ing, in search of him, as now you see mee, Lady.

Aru. And certes myne is fled, I know not whither too.

Dou. He was a man most inly treacherous, I assure you, Madame.

Aru. My gentleman, let him wagge, whither he please, in the name of Jehoua, For he was arrayed in fury all and in Inconstancy.

Dou. For my self, I was, vnto him, trewe as Touch.

Aru. Myne, if any one might have surpassed him in Jelouzie, I should haue giuen him the Bucklers, in that behalf, sure.

Dou. Since both the Two haue beene of so euill and hard complexion, why do wee not also (our honesties excepted) take hands too, and ioine in Sisterhood both? So vp to London, careles, with the speede wee may?

Aru. Verily well spoken. Loe thus I pawn you my Sisterhood, Lady.

Dou. I, to you, myne.*

Aru. This sacred Bond to register, say, Gentlewoman, shall both vs haue, this night, one bed, in Colchester?

Dou. I agree.*

Aru. In Pledge whereof lets haue a Song now.

Dou. Yes, by my Troth, come on. And by the way, as wee trauell, Let each vs tell to each her Fortune.

Aru. Euen so, and shall lyke you. Begin.

* Here they mutually kist and curtsyed.

* Here they tooke hands both.

THE FOURTH SONG.

1.

*When men once growe wearie of Loue,
Then they froward and teasty proue,
Nothing, as then, may them remoue,
But that they will forsake their Loue.*

2.

*That Bond that bound them first together,
As soone will both fester and wither,
The Knot, though hit of Gordium,
Easy to vnbind will then become.*

3.

*Ladyes, little may you preuayle,
Cause your Friggats Bonnets to wayle,
But that they, vnder all their beare,
Vp, vnto you, will turne the Reare.*

4.

*Unmaryd Maydes, giue eare to mee,
What I am to say, plaine and free,
Doe you not, to your weddings, Post,
Lesse you would feele them to your cost.*

ACT IV SCEN 2.

CLARIBEL ROOKE.

Cla. Sirrha Rooke, take my Nagge, and see you walk him faire and soft to Colchester, here vnknown I will lodge this night, and to morrow I will forward on my Journey.

Roo. Nay but does your Bark ride here about? Sir.

Cla. No, but my meaning was toward the clefts of Harwich, where, priuately, I meane hide mee, vntill the tyme my whole debts be payd, and by the meane my Creditors all be satisfysde.

Roo. Haue you allured mee furth to this yfaith? To liue, with

you, among clefts, vntill your whole debts be payd? To be plat and plaine with you, I meane conspire against you, Sir.

Cla. Conspire? as how?

Roo. When opportunity shall serue my turne, I will shewe you a cleane paire of legges, and run my way.

Cla. I so ridde of a gallowes-clapper, my Man.

Roo. Most adaptly præfigurd mee.

Cla. But now interrupt mee no more.

Roo. Well, Sir, Since it will be no better with you, God giue your worship now god night, and hence furth many happy day and long.

Cla. Prithy leaue thy Fooling, and looke to my Nagge I say, Away I prithy.

Roo. I goe.

Cla. Now Claribel, thou art well nie at the place,
Where seuerd from the crewes of men, thou mayst
In rest and quietnes, tell all thy dayes,
Not vnylike those golden Suns of yore,
Where neither Ire doth grin, nor Hate doth hisse,
Where neither greif doth lurk, nor guile doth wake,
Where all the woodes be whist from any murmur,
Vnles it be that issewes from the Trees,
O Happie they, that know their good, nor will
Be led, by worldly vanities, to leaue
A golden world for millions of showes,
O three tymes happie they, that can liue so,
And of that number, to be one, I goe.
Yet I doubt to reach these clefts to night,
And therefore, in this Lodge, I'll lodge this night.
Hoe, who's within? here.

ACT IV SCEN 3.

OLIUEL CLARIBEL FLORADIN.

Ol. What lack you ? young Gentleman.

Cla. Harbour, faire Forrester, in your Lodge, till morne.

Ol. Verily, I can harbour you, but it will be but homely for such gentlemen as you be.

Cla. Be it so yet, So leade but the way in, sweet Forrester.

Ol. Before you walk in, Sir, one thing I must require, of your worship, needes.

Cla. What is it ? faire Forrester.

Ol. That you do keepe you close as you may.

Cla. Why so ? I pray you.

Ol. For that I haue so rude a man to my husband, withall so feirce of condition, that if he but find you here, he will goe neare teare you, into thousand thousand peices, for your welcome.

Cla. Where's the churle now ?

Ol. At Towne to buye him arrowes, and will be here, within one howre.

Cla. If it be no other, vpon myne own perill be it, Honest Forrester. So leade but the way in, I saye.

Flo. [*within.*] Hoa.

Ol. Yonder, in the luckles howre, he knocks, Hast you in, good Sir, and hide you.

Cla. Where, where ? I prithy, where ?

Ol. Vnder the Table, Behind the Cupborde, the Screene,

vnder the Bed, where you think the safest, But hast you in,
I beseech you, Sir.

Flo. [*within.*] Hoa.

Ol. What lack you? Gentleman.

ACT IV SCEN 4.

FLORADIN OLIVEL RAFE.

Flo. Faire Forrester, God saue, how many mile haue I to the
campe. I praye.

Ol. As many as there be from hence to Colchester.

Flo. How many's that? Say you.

Ol. Ten, and shall lyke you.

Flo. Forrester, I will but eate one sole bitt with you, Then I
will, Incontinently, thither, this night.

Ol. Such as you find, you shall be welcome to.

Raf. Beife or Bacon, Pork or Peason, So it be but meate for
a Soldier, Forrester.

Ol. Better then this you shall haue, A Pastye of a Red
Deere.

Flo. That's meate for a King, Forrester. Rafe, you Sir, goe
tye my Nagge to Park corner, And when thou hast so done,
come back and take you some one snatch at a venaison Pastye
shall be left you, Sir.

Raf. Some one snatch, I warrant, it will be, you shall leaue
mee, For this once I will trye your manners, if you leaue mee
any thing, So, if not any thing, neuer shall you serue mee
more So.

Flo. Hence, you wagge.

Latro [*within.*] Hoa, Oliuel.

Ol. My, Husband, my Husband, oh. Good Gentleman, do but shrowd you in some place, I beseech you trewe, For he is a Lyon, I tell you, in his wrath.

Flo. If he were Twenty Lyons, I would not bouge, for him, one foot, I vowe.

Ol. I pray be persuaded, for mee you may hurt, yet do your self no good.

Flo. Well, well, goe to then, Come.

Latro [*within.*] Oliuel, I saye.

Ol. Sir, what needed this sturr? I hearde you at first.

ACT IV SCEN 5.

Latr. Be these your manners not ope when I call? Ha. Theeues, Rogues, Runnegates, Villaines.

THE DIRECTION.

Here the Two Gentlemen were at Buffets in the dark within, Latro ranne in vnto them, then came furth againe after them, as they slunk furth.

ACT IV SCEN 6.

HARE LATRO OLIEL.

Har. Where? And shall lyke your worship. Where? where?

Latr. There, Hare, there, down with them, down with them.

Har. Well sayd, Sir, do thresh them thouroughly into dust, with your Club, your very good worship, Sir.

THE DIRECTION.

They scambeld for the Two Gentlemen in the dark without, whilst the Gentlemen leaned with their backs against the wall quaking and trembling.

Ol. Praye be quiet, they be two, whom I permitted but lodge, in your howse, vntill to morrow morning.

Har. Masse, I can not yet groape them.

Latr. Thou hast brought hither Ruffins to spoile my game, and to cutt my Throate, Ha.

Ol. No, Sir.

Latr. Yea, yea, and yea, Sir.

Ol. Before I leade the life to be eury day thus abused by thee, Knaue, I will stick this knife to my heart, loe.

Latr. Doe and spare not, doe and spare not.

Ol. Oh, the Lord forgiue mee, and recieue my Soule, oh.*

* Leaning
against the
wall.

Latr. And o thou Lord, forgiue mee, too, I beseech thee,

Oh. O, dolourous fate, o wicked destinie, oliuel is gone, and Latro is left, here to wayle alone. Hie thee, Sweet Hare, and follow mee thou, to Colchester, Incontinent.

Har. Your will be done. I will but goe fetch my Capcase, and come to you strait.

Ol. Aeternall Lord, o graunt, that this my deuce may luckily sort, by meane of the which, not onely I shall be ridde of my Barbarous Man, but in the counterchange thereof, I shall be lynkt with two honourable Gentlemen in loue; vnhappie mee that euer I was matcht.

THE DIRECTION.

She spake this leaning her back against the wall, Then Hare came furth with a long Staff in his hand and a Capcase tyde about his neck, and sayd that the cupplet in the next Scene following.

ACT IV SCEN 7.

HARE OLIVEL FLORADIN CLARIBEL.

Har. o Master myne,
 That 'twas your crime,
 To vrge your wife,
 Thus end her life,
 The Thought whereof
 Hath causd mee cough
 Now farewell Lodge,
 For I must trudge
 Aftër mÿ Mästër tō Cölchěstër.

Ol. How doe you, Gentlemen.

THE DIRECTION.

She spake this to the two Gentlemen, who stood yet against the wall, in the dark, and spake to both the two of them.

Flo. The Plague consume him, I was neuer so afferd of Barbarous villaine in my life.

Cla. The Pox to boote, I was ready forgoe my skin for feare.

Ol. Tarry the whiles till that I shall haue but lighted you a Candle, Gentlemen.

*ACT IV SCEN 8.

OLIVEL FLORADIN CLARIBEL.

* Here she
enterd with
a Candle
lighted.

Ol. Gentlemen, where be you?

Flo. Claribel? my quondam Chamberfellow in Brodegates?

What?

Cla. What? Floradin?

THE DIRECTION.

Here they consyderd one the other Broade before they Spake,

OLIVEL holding vp the Candle to them ouer their heds.

Flo. How hast done since our departures from Oxford?
Sirrha.

Cla. Thou, whither wert thou wandring?

Flo. To Colchester, to the Campe, I.

Cla. What hath compelled thee become a Soldier? Ha.

Flo. Mary, a greene hed of myne own, and a naughty wife to
boote. But whither thou?

Cla. To the Clefts of Harwich, there closely to hide mee, till
that I shall but sufficiently scoured cleane my wiues score all,
from off my pate and nolle, Floradin.

Flo. How? an Hermite? Claribel; Since both haue tasted
of one Cup, As I percieue we haue so done, wee will both two
now tast of an other too, and become Soldiers both. Sir, shall
it be so? very shortly, betweene the Two armies, there will be
old bickering, Claribel.

Cla. Floradin, agreed, *Solamen miseris sic sit habere pares.*

Ol. Gentlemen, I do well hope you will not leaue her behind, who hath beene so thriftely hansell'd but for the Lodging you ?

Flo. How lyke you the Gentlewoman and her motion ? Claribel.

Cla. Well. But how to prouide vs Armes and liueries, *Hoc opus hic labor est.*

Ol. Since beginning of the world neuer was lodge yet vnfurnished of weapon. In token, Sirs, of which, I can helpe you to two Forrest Liueries, a couple French Keleeuers, with their flasques and to one Partizan too, Faire Bawdrikes and Matches lykwise.

Cla. Deare Forrester, doe thou but make thee ready, and bring them furth hither to vs Incontinent, Meane while, with my freind, I will exchange a worde or two.

Ol. So doe.

Cla. Now, Floradin, relate to mee, what haue beene thy Fortunes, faith ; since our abodes, in Oxford, Sirrha.

Flo. Since there I sawe thee, Claribel, I haue trauelled France and Flanders, Spaine and Denmark, Italy and Scicilie, High Germanie and lowe Germanie, Swedland, Ireland, Frizland, Iseland and Groenland, And now, as thou mayst apprehend mee, I was going toward Colchester become a mercinary Soldier there. Claribel, thynce ?

Cla. Floradin, Since our last breakfast wee made, in oxford, at the Pellican, I haue visited Moldauiia and Liuonia, Pamphlagonia and Silesia, All Barbaria and all Numidia, The East Indyces and the West Indyces, China, Guinie, Florida and Brasilea, And now after sight of the whole world, I was going, as thou sawest, forsake the whole world, Floradin.

Flo. See our Boyes come hither puffing and blowing,

ACT IV SCEN 9.

ROOKE RAFE FLORADIN CLARIBEL.

Roo. Sirrs, Sirrs, assist vs, wee do beseech you both, you worships both.

Cla. Take thy breath to thee, Sirrha, Speake and declare.

Roo. Well. Breifly and succinctly a couple haue robbed vs of your worships Nagges, Moreouer and above, they haue and drye Salted vs and sufficiently Bum basted vs.

Flo. To conclude, now wee must assist yow, when our Horse be gone.

Cla. What manner men were they? speake you rogue.

Roo. The one a Bore-belly, Burly-breast, Bore-headed Brown-Berded Bore, with Boistrous, Bouncing, Big, Bottle-headed, Bough-broken Batt on his Back.

Flo. The other? Quick.

Raf. A Slender, Sly, Slim, Slip, with China, Cat skin, Crosse-tyde Knapsack, with Crooky, Clutchie, Copperie, Clunchie, Crotchets, claspt to his Crupper.

Cla. They have reckoned with both vs two, for our nights dilue. Lodging, verily, Fellow Floradin.

Flo. Whereas wee were determined haue been horsemen, they haue crossd our determinations and haue Metamorphosed us into footmen. Well. So. But loe the Faire Forrester cometh furth with armes and Liueries toward vs, Claribel.

ACT IV SCEN 10.

OLIVEL *in mans Attire* CLARIBEL FLORADIN RAFF ROOKE.

Ol. Gentlemen, now haue with you, loe

Cla. Certes, Floradin, she would haue prou'd a propper man.

Roo. To haue led Hoodes Squadron about a Pole, sure.

Flo. Shall wee make her our Ring-leader? Claribel.

Ol. Your wrong-leader, you should haue sayd, Gentlemen.

Cla. No verily, Therefore, Oliuel, be thou, now, our whingleader.

Ol. Then as your Ringleader, I do here inuest you with armes and with Liueries all, Dispatch and make you ready all.

*Here they
made them
ready.

Flo. With our heartes, Captaine.* Now, as from our onely Duke and onely Generall, we do expect your further Iniunctions and further Commaundments, in the Case, Captaine our.

Ol. Listen all. First and Imprimis, if by the way you shall meete either Hen, Duck or Goose, you do wring off her neck, and do sease her your own without honestie or conscience. Item and againe, if you shall come into any mans howse, either directly or Indirectly, jointly and seuerally you first lye with the Hostesse herselfe, then with the Hostesses daughters, then with the Hostesses Maydes without inæquallity or difference. Item you shall carry in one of your Pockets, Geneua Psalms, in the other Lady Mattens; If you be taken by Spaniards, you shall shewe them your Lady Mattens, If by the English, you shall produce them your Geneua Psalmes. Finally and lastly, Paye not for what you take, Praye not before you rise, nor be you Sober when you lye down, Consequently the rest.

Raf. Wholesome Iniunctions, of the Diuells own baking, wee do assure you, Capitaine.

Flo. All these will wee perfourme and execute to your perfect lyking, Capitaine; and contentment, wee do verily assure you trewe.

Ol. I thank you, my tall Soldiers all, So let vs now for Colchester all, I do require you all, my trewe Soldiers all.

Cla. Loe you, a most fine armie and a substantiall one too, Gentlemen all, vieu vs, by my Troth, I do Implore you all.

Roo. Wanting either us a staff but.

Raf. Next Hedge will furnish either the Two.

Roo. Hough, God speede the Plough.

ACT IV SCEN 11.

NIM SHIFT PIGOT.

Nim. Myne Host Pigot, since thou hast attached our Bolle into thy hands as pawn for the Reckoning, Behold, we do now charge thee, thou do keepe it, as thou wouldest keepe thy Soule, Pigot.

Pig. Gentlemen, by the faith of an honest man, I do here protest vnto you both, I will keepe him sure, nay so, that if according your own Bond, you bring mee not in my money, within one Month and one day, All the Jins and Crotchets in your heds, shall not once be able pick him furth, my Catskin cheast, there.

Nim. Oh, I thank you, myne Host, Oh I thank you.

Shift. Hast that consciense, Jewe, detayne our Bolle worth

twenty pounds sterling, for some little scurvie meate and drink not worth forty shillings? Ha.

Pig. Old Sawe and trewe Sawe *Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum!*

Shift. The Application is false, For thou seest our Bolle is Syluer not Gold, Apuleian.

Pig. By that the Logicall Jin yclipt *Conuersio*, I will make him hold, For it shall conuert the Syluer in your Bolle into Gold in my Pouch.

Shift. Into *Aurum Potabile* thou meanst it.

Pig. That is already done, to both your costs too, Gentlemen, I do assure you true.

Nim. But if wee shall bring thee thy money, within a month and two dayes, wilt then deliuer vs our Bond? *Pigot.*

Pig. Beshrowe the blood of my *vena caua*, than.

Shift. Out on thee, Dog, there is neither equitie nor Reason within thee.

Pig. Equitie none, Reason some. For put the case, Sirs, you should bring mee my money within one Month and two dayes, so forfeiter mee your Bond, If I, thereupon should deliuer you your Bolle, you might so begge mee a Foole, Now to be begd a Foole, in a Parish, where these thirty yeares long I haue beene reputed a knaue, I see neither Reason nor Po-leacy in it.

Nim. Nay then do thy worst, *Pigot*; Pearle shall abate the Edge of thy Reason with the blunt of his Lawe, I do assure thee trewe.

Pig. If you haue any thing saye to him, loe here he comes, Gentlemen.

Nim. Myne Host, now I do remember mee—

Pig. Then if it be so, Sirs, stand you close I say, And but temper your humane Properties all now. Come.

ACT IV SCEN 12.

SANDERS PEARLE PERIMAN WRIGHT NIM SHIFT PIGOT.

Sand. So now forward with your Argument, M^r Pearle.

Perl. Thus I do inferr that my wife hath no Soule in her. Where there is no hed there is no soule, But in my wife there is no hed, ergo in my wife there is no soule.

Shift. By way of Argument shalt see him proue his wife to be a she Monster, Pigot.

Pig. Peace for the Passion of our Lord God of Oasts and let vs heare furth his Argument.

Peri. Hath your wife neuer a Hed? M^r Doctor. I pray you how proue you your Minor?

Perl. If my wife had euer a Hed, I should be sayd to be her hed, But *ex Repugnantibus*, It is Impossible, that my hed should be my wiues Hed, and myne own hed should be myne own hed, Simul, Ergo my wife hath neuer a hed, So by the consequence she hath no Soule.

Pig. Excellent, by our Lord God of heauen.

Sand. Sir, by your Patience and leaue, There be three Soules (as the Philosophers do affirme) in man, A Reasonable Soule, A Sensitiue Soule, and a Nutritive Soule, whereof your worship, M^r Doctor Pearle, may very well, in conscience take a couple to your self, and leaue a Third to your wife.

Peri. How many Soules your wife hath I know not, But for the Sensitiue Soule, I am sure she hath it, she hath tasted the style of your Tounge so Thriftely, to day, M^r Doctor.

loe now Peri. I do maintaine it, *now* against both you two *loe*, she hath now not any one of three with in her now, so Furth. First for a Reasonable Soule, if that she had reason she would neuer haue lost so worthy a Bolle, Secondly for a Sensitive Soule, she is such a Fixen, that what with fighting, what with biting and what for whining, she will be out of her fine sences, at one and same Tyme, I do tell you most trew, Sirs, both.

Peri. Now for the other, M^r Doctor.

Peri. Now for a Nutritiue Soule she hath (For be it spoken among freinds here) as much good Nurture in her, as has my greate and black Sowe ouer her draffing Trough So neuer a Soule.

Peri. Where should these Three Soules, naturally, haue their co-existence then? M^r Doctor, I pray.

Peri. In myne own pate to weet, whence totally do proceed all my wiues vnderstanding, also her sence, as also her good Education to mend her ordinary ouer and aboue.

Sand. Learnedly.

Peri. Sir, I wonder at your Erudition.

Wrigh. Now if your worship would but giue mee your leaue, to come vpon you, myself, who am (as Chaucer verie adaptly hath applied it) a lewde man, Put the case, that these the three Soules (as you sayd) consisted, solely, in your worships pate, Albeit your wife had neuer a hed peice, yet she might very well haue had two Soules in her body, nempe, vnder her two feet. Ergo.

Peri. I prithy, Fellow, be quiet and shewe not thy Illittera-

ture, For by same reason she might haue had one half dozen more besyde in her kitchin, that now be prouiding for my dinner.

Sand. And loe, where she comes, vpon her two other Soules, vnder layd with a coupple other soules, Pert as a Pie.

Peri. Sir, speake mildly to her, I do earnestly beseech you, Sir.

Perl. Woman, hearst thou mee? if thou bringest not my Bolle along with thee, Come not within seauen Pearch of mee, I do admonish thee.

ACT IV SCEN 13.

*CHRISTIAN PERLE SANDERS PERIMAN WRIGHT NIM SHIFT * In her
PIGOT. best gown.

Christ. Then boldly may I come, clip my Lord and Loue, for his Bolle is found.

Perl. Found? that's anown Duck yfaith, How? saye.

Christ. It was but a deuice of M^r Sanders to put your worship in a chafe.

Perl. Wast you, M^r Sanders, that stole my Bolle?

Sand. Not I, as I shall be sau'd, Sir.

Shift. From off the Gallowes.

Sand. Alway, I haue beene held a trewe man, not a Theife.

Christ. M^r Sanders, neuer denie it now. Did not you your own self send for the Hare? Saying you would dine with him at home, And there you would laugh a good at the Jeast.

Sand. Not I, as I shall be sau'd M^r Doctor.

Perl. Therefore hast put on thy holiday gown, now come dine with vs? Ha.

Christ. Why, I.

Perl. Woolf, Hore, Hare, Bitch, Polecate, Carrian, Kite, Mare.

Wrigh. I require your worship, before you enter into further choller, you would but paye mee that money, you owe mee now, I might be gone.

Perl. Thou mayst be gone, For I owe thee no money now.

Wrigh. None? Sir.

Perl. None.

Wrigh. Speake once more, I beseech you, do you owe mee no money? indeed la.

Perl. None, none, none, none, none, I say.

Wrigh. If there be any lawe in Colchester, I will make you say I, before I haue done with you, till when, I leaue you, loe.

Perl. Cup and venaison gone? O Maria Neptune.

Christ. M^r Sanders, do but keepe him from off mee, I do beseech you trewe.

Sand. M^r Doctor, conteyne you, I beseech you.

Perl. Now I can no longer hold, therefore I am not to be holden.

Christ. Helpe, Gentlemen, helpe, he will butcher mee, I auowe.

Perl. Nay nay, crye and spare not, crye and spare not.

Peri. Follow, M^r Sanders, follow, he will teare the woman to peices, loe.

Perl. I I, Scratch you were best.

Christ. My God, my god, my god.

Perl. Hore, Hore, Hore, Hore, Hore.

Both. Good M^r Doctor, good M^r Doctor, good M^r Doctor.

Perl. Get in, Baggage, get in, get in, I say.

Shift. Follow, Sirs, wee loose not the whole sport, before they be got in at doore.

Pig. Well sayd, Gentlemen, while you two goe before, I will run in, hallowe and raise the streete.

Nim. Most excellent, I assure you.

Shift. As I haue scene.

Nim. Hast you.

Pig. And you.

Here they knockt up the Consort.

ACT V SCEN 1.

ARUANIA DOUCEBELLA *hand in hand, Their men and maydes attending them.*

Dou. TRUST mee, Madame, the Sad Tale of your Fortune,
With Admiration hath struck mee dumbe,
And were it not, wee be so nie to Town,
In recompense I could repeate you myne,
That be not farr inferior in woe.
But tell mee, Madame, what's the sheild you beare?
Against th'Iniuries of so vyle a Man?

Aru. Carelesnesse secure, to which adioines him
A mind most patient in these extreames.

Dou. I will shewe you a better, sweet Lady,

Aru. What? saye.

Dou. When Tyme conuenient and place permitteth you,
Fully you would serue him the lyke measure.

Aru. I beleuee you certes, And since that I
May not recall him, meane to practise with it.
But loe, Madame, wee be at Colchester.

Dou. But who is he? cometh from the Tarlton?

Aru. A stranger, lyke our selues, he seemes to be.

Dou. A propper man, I do assure you firmly.

Aru. True beleuee mee, withall well fauourd.

Dou. He seemeth to be Master of this Inne.

Aru. Rather to be a man of Mars his kin.

Dou. A taller Man, I ne're beheld, assure you.

Aru. A better set I know not where to shew you.

Dou. See you not what brawnes and boanes he heth?

Aru. He by the shoulders, all I'haue seene, oreperth.

Dou. Of such goodly joints nere' King Saule hath beene.

Aru. Such well compacted limbes I ner'e haue seene.

Dou. Alcides might be deemd a dwarfe to him.

Aru. From Hed to Soale in eury part and limbe.

Dou. I will salute him now, God saue you, Sir.

Aru. The lyke salutation, to you, say wee,

ACT V SCEN 2.

LATRO DOUCEBELLA ARUANIA.

Latr. Faire Ladyes, and you. If I may demaund
whither be you traueilling thus vntimely?

Dou. Toward London, And for wee playd the Sluggs,

This morne, before we parted from our Inne,
wee could not but reach Colchester this night.

Latr. Trewly, Ladyes, I am sorie for you,
For what for Soldiers, what for Passengers,
You'll not be lodgd this night, one bed I haue,
Which shall be yours, for know you honourd Ladyes,
Till fewe stormes be blown, that haue, this night,
Beset the pricking closure of my conscience,
I clôsely do abide in Colchester.

Aru. What storme, I pray you, or why do you weepe ?

Latr. A case that happend mee, not hence one howre,
wrings floods of brinish Oceans from myne eyes.

Dou. Sir, relate your greifs, for not to any
you may repeate them, in greifs, be nearer.

Latr. Renewe not, of my woes, the memory,
Mee may you hurt, but do your selues no *glee*. *gree*.

dilue.

Aru. Oh no, our eares, to heare of woe, take pleasure,
Whose woes all woes, exceed in greatest measure.

Latr. If you will faithfully promise mee both
To tell mee yours, Ill tell you myne. (*Both*) wee doe.

Latr. Faithfully myne, I do assure you both.

Both. Ours, in lyke sort, wee do assure you too

Latr. Then if so you accept of it, deare Ladyes,
Firstly I will bestowe the supper on you,
That done, accordingly, wee will repeate,
By mutuall turne each others Fortune. (*Aru.*) So Sir.

(*Latr.*) All thanks, faire Ladyes, for your kind acceptance,
And first I'll be your guide into your Inne,

Dou. And weele attend you both.

ACT V SCEN 3.

PIGOT NIM SHIFT *like Two Serieants.*

Pig. Come, Gentlemen, come, muster your selues, And as he comes, this way anone, toward his ordinary, see you arrest him sure, in Wright the Goldsmith's name, I haue a madde deuice in him, Gentlemen, as you shall well vnderstand, in tyme to come both; Three Kniues do make vp the Sheath of a Tunbridge dagger, they say, Come

Nim. *Captum puta*, myne host.

Pig. I had rather you had said *Captum suram*, myne Host. But now embattle your selues, And Sirs (heare you mee both) If he will not yeild him to you willingly, see you pull him down by the collar.

Nim. So and shall lyke you. But prithy, what Gentlewomen were those lighted, at thyne Inne, to night? *Pigot.*

Pig. *Procul dubio*, I kenne them not.

Nim. But wherefore do they talk, so suspitiously, with the Keeper, by the Fyre-syde? *Pigot.*

Pig. *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos*, What is aboue my nose is not on my nose, Verily I sent it not.

Shift. Yet were it good, thou lookst into it least, thou purchase to thy self, the neuer-to-be-chewen name of a Bawde, *Pigot.*

dilue *Pig.* Bawde! Loë, I doe euen belch him. None dare be so bold commit lyke Pollution in my howse. The Tarlton of goodman *Pigot* of Colchester, is an Academie of manners, Gentlemen.

Shift. So will it appeare, by thy deuice, anone.

Pig. *Vide licet.* But behold him comming; I will leaue this now to both your Agilities, The rest to myne own vnderstanding thereupon.

Shift. So and shall lyke you, myne Host Pigot.

Nim. Sirrha Shift, how shall wee two, with the best cunning wee haue, shift vs about him now?

Shift. Breifly thus, whilst he is in highth of his Meridian, otherwise as he is gaping take Ruts, shall first cunninglye, tack about him, and take him by the Polle, whilst I then run before him, take the full winde of him and stop his mouth.

Nim. Excellent good, And loe thus I shift me about him, Shift.

Shift. And thus, loe, I oppose him, Nim.

ACT V SCEN 4.

*PEARLE NIM SHIFT.

* With a
Lynk before
him.

Perl. Hold vp thy Lynk, Knaue, hold vp thy Lynk I say, I may obserue the state of the welking. Rayne or no Rayne? Ha.

Nim. Rayne, Sir, withall wee arrest you, Sir.

Perl. Hold, Knaues, hold, I am Doctor Pearle, Knaues, hold.

Nim. Then, Doctor Pearle, by name, I arrest you in Wright the Goldsmiths name, Loe and see wee do entreate you both.

Perl. Why so? I beseech you, vph.

Nim. Why, Sir, for a standing Bolle, you haue not yet payd him for.

Perl. Helpe.

Shift. Thou shalt along with vs, in spite of that throate of thyne, I do sweare by Joue.

Perl. Helpe, neybour, helpe.

Nim. Down with him, down with him, And if he but mutter, giue him a cuff on the Mouth, Shift.

Shift. Peace, Peace, your Rogue, els will wee make this thy Hed a wind Ball, to our fistes, straite.

Perl. I haue done, Gentlemen, I haue done, see. Helpe, neybour, helpe, For the passion of our Lord God of Oasts, Helpe.

ACT V SCEN 5.

PIGOT PEARLE NIM SHIFT.

Pig. What a Rutt haue wee here? and at my doore? Who's he calls for helpe? Ha.

Nim. An obstinate fellow will not obey the Queenes arrest, Sir, see.

Pig. M^r Pearle! I had rather you had giuen mee a whole But of your sherrie Sack, then I should haue taken you in this taking. What's *then* the matter? Masters, saye
dilue.

Shift. A Goldsmith made him a standing Bolle, And now he will neither paye him his money for it, nor yet wil obeye the arrest of the Queene, See.

Perl. I neuer receiued any, And do you think I will paye for that I neuer tooke?

Pig. Nor for that thou takest. Sirs, let mee see, if it may so be, I take vp this matter betweene you now. Honest Fel-

lowes, will each of you take an Angell apeice? So dismissee his ship? Saye. dilue

Shift. Doe you take vs be such varlets, wee will infringe the queenes Iniunctions for twenty shillings? you shall crack the Costards of our credits so, I assure you.

Pig. Gentlemen, yet be it so.

Nim. By no meane, And therefore, once more, wee arrest him, loe.

Pig. Staye. Will each of you take a brace of Angells then apeice, and be gone. dilue.

Nim. Not a million shall redeeme him. Wherefore, once more, in Gods blessing and in the Queenes wee charge him obeye and goe along with vs.

Pig. M^r Doctor, will you suffer you to be tawed lyke a Beare thus but for a brace or two of Angells? Saye, let mee rule you, I beseech you now.

Perl. Pigot, let them but laye, one finger, on mee, if they dare.

Pig. Remember, Sir, you be in debt, and if once you be clapt vp, you be but a deade dawg, you know.

Perl. Good cheape, as thou mayst, myne Host, yet.

Pig. Let mee alone with them. Gentlemen, yet once more let mee, in priuate, talk with you, yfaith.

Nim. Saye your mind, But it will be to no purpose, wee assure you.

Perl. Now, whilst I haue the leisure and opportunity, I will propound, to you, fearefull vision, I had this last night in my sleepe, For so I shall passe away, the better, the apprehension of this crosse hath befalln mee. Mee thought, toward dawning

of the day, when dreames proceede furth the gate of Morne, As I was pacing on a greene, I was suddenly Metamorphosed into a golden Gander, And mee thought whilst I was playing (As the Manner of my fellow Geese is) the Astrologer, Two Diuells, in lykenesse of two weasels came to carry mee to Hell, accusing mee, not onely I had pryed too neare into Gods Priuitye, But that also I had eaten a whole Bushell of aates, I had not, as yet payd him for. Now whilst thus they were both towing mee to the ghastly gates of Dis, Mee thought there came to mee a dog (As should be myne Host there) and offered each of them (If so they would but let mee goe) a golden feather of my whing, to carrye, as a Peace offering, to Proserpina, for her Maiesties lawfull favour herein, so that much coyle and Do there was about it, before they could come to any Agreement; Finally, whilst they were but, as yet, debating the matter, with the noise they made all about mee, I awoke, And how it will yet proue I knowe not.

Nim. For a forty shillings wee will be willing dismisse his worship

Pig. M^r Doctor, A Brace of Angells from you, and tis a bargaine.

Perl. Too much it is, on my Conscience, M^r Pigot.

Pig. Too little it is, on my honestye, M^r Doctor.

Perl. But will they let mee goe, think you, on the receipt of them?

Pig. If your worship will not credit them, you may depose them, both, in my hands, for your better security.

Perl. Be it so. Doe you heare, Fellowes, conditionally you molest mee not more, Loe you, a Two brace of Angells deposed, in

myne Hosts hands, for your gentle Permissions in the case. So be you both packing, I pray.

Shift. God saue your worships life, M^r Doctor.

Pig. Sir, but will you not bestowe, on them, the wyne, before they part also.

Per. Shall I giue wyne to knaues for abusing mee, It will not be for my worship, Pigot.

Pig. On my saluation, they haue but dealt vprightly with your worship, therefore be it so, I pray you.

Perl. Fellowes, on request of this honest man here, I haue a certaine Quart to bestowe on you besyde, So God speede you both.

Nim. Why, wee do thank your good worship for it.

Pig. These forty shillings* I will reserue them, here loe, For that that they do owe me now, And that is that the madde deuice, Gentlemen, I told you of whyleare, I do assure you verily, So the Lord God of heauen blesse them both two now, I do beseech the Almighty Lord.

* A Snap-haunce to his Pouch here.

ACT V SCEN 6.

JOICE JANEKIN.

Joi. Janekin, whilst our two sweet Gentlewomen sit telling tales, with the Gentleman, by the Fyresyde, what shall wee two too chat on, to driue away drowsinesse? Saye.

Jan. Mary, I well tell thee a dreame I had, as I sat nodding, in the chimney corner, by them, sweet Joice.

Joi. Come on, by my Troth, And I will tell thee a dreame, I had lykewise, as I satt slumbring, on a Three-foote, by, Janekin.

dilue

Jan. Though I neuer read Artemidorus of dreames, Joice, yet I may, chaunce, shewe thee a shrewd meaning of thy dreame, yet I troe.

Joi. And I, in good sadnes loe, For I haue haunted a wise woman of our Parish in Maldon, hath taught mee the spell of eury each of them by my Troth. But begin thyne, I prithy.*

* Here
they sat
both down
on the long
Fourme.

Jan. Mee thought, as I slept, I sawe two Currs tugging a Beare, contrary way, about two morsells of flesh he had taken from them by force, And mee thought, whiles the Butchers came about them and stau'd them asunder, The Dogs tore, from of the Beare, a certaine putidulous and ill fauour'd Dependance stuck close to his Cods, which the Butchers, that stinted the Fraye, threwe back into the Mouth of the Beare himself, then restored, to either their Curr, either their morsell, So that with the noise they made all about it, I awoke.

Joi. I coniecture by the Premises, Janekin, Some Knights of the Assassines, or other, shall be bereft of some their two bouncing Bellabowns, by some base Intruder, and they, in the end, with much adoe, shall receiue their own from him, and throwe the Intruder his own self Propertie, pluckt from him, into his face, for his labour.

Jan. Nay, myne honest Joice, nay. I suppose rather, they shall retort him, and it with reproch, some priuie Income, they had hold from him, for some priuie Tenauncies, he holds lykwise from them by force Tyranicall, and the which priuie Income he, with two other Incomes againe, from himself, shall requite them back, with schorne, by their two Attorneys, and with the Rent doubled in them, to both their faces, I suppose. Now thyne, I beseech thee, Joice.

Joi. Mee thought, as I slept, I sawe a sturdy Begger, that had Purchased a brace of Puddings to himself, And that there come, vpon him, a coupple of Carters, to take them from him, who either of them, giuing him the double Twyne or Twist of the whip, ouer his shoulders, for his labour, tooke the Puddings from him, so stinted him of his Puddings, so as, with the lowd double yerke, he made after them againe, with the same double whip, to take to them again their Puddings, with a Pox, I awoke.

Jan. By the Two Puddings, I make my coniecture this beggerly base Rascall had stoln two their Cart Jades, and that he, Albeit they had purchased him the double Twyne or Twist, ouer both shoulders, for his labour, yet he, with a crack of the Rope, into two seuerall lists or Twists, gaue them back their own, and so departed.

Joi. Nay, Janekin, nay, I will I will shewe thee a better Interpretation, then so, sure. As the wise woman told me, Puddings signifie stuffings, And he had stoln some certaine paire of breeches from some other, And that those other had rewarded him, with the double Twyne or Twist, ouer both shoulders, for his labour, And which he, in disdaine thereof, retort them back with same double whip, and with a double seame rent in their Breeches to boote.

Jan. Joice, well brought about, Joice, by my Troth. For as the world now goes, there be many Hookers abroad, sewe for other mens clothes, by lower chamber windowes, And when the other should purchase them home, they shall find them both torne and seame rent at the Broakers, without either baile or Mainprise.

Joi. How say you to that the double Twyne or Twist, they gaue him, ouer both shoulders, for his paines? yet.

Jan. A double Twyne or Twist signifies a Counterbreeching, Now if shall gaine a Counterbreeching by his breeching other, he shall weare the double Breeches himself, thence furth, And which will be a Signe, he shall not be breeched more, But shall haue the superiority, ouer his own flesh and ouer his owne boane, euer after, and in tyme to come, therefore.

Joi. Well brought about thou too, by my Maydenhead, Janekin.

Jan. Nay I haue read verse for verse, and spell for spell, with you, for a groate, I warrant, Joice. But now let vs both in, For it is bed tyme, I troe, and our sweet Mistrisses may, chaunce, now call to bed.

Joi. By St. Jillian, well rememberd, yfecks, For wee haue yet the beds to make, and with my hearte, I wish my Mistrisses boanes may *Molliter cubent*, Janekin myne.

Jan. If thy Mistris desires softer couching then my Mistris does, Joice, I will giue thee the better syde of the bed, this night vpon the forfaite.

Joi. Then, come away, for we haue hast, I feare

Jan. And come away, you.

ACT V SCEN 7.

OLIUEL CLARIBEL FLORADIN RAFE ROOKE.

Ol. Gallants you lyke this millitary life? Saye.

Cl. Better it is, to be handd abroade, then at his own doore at home.

Roo. *Dulce bellum inexpertis*, First get you broken pates,
then tell vs how you lyke it

Flo. How lykst thou it? *Rafe.*

Raf. Wy, better then Meath or Metheglin, I.

Ol. Now no more, But all lyke Martialls of the Campe
(while the campe lyeth aloofe) search wee all and each seuerall
howse in Colchester Subburbs, giuing them, there, an expresse
comaundment, eury thing be in readines against the Fight, and
to hang furth their Lights all. So first begin wee with the
Tarlton.

Cla. Agreed, Captaine our, agreed, So come on, come on,
Sirs, yfaith, come.

Ol. Follow mee, All you. Meanewhile you Two, take you
here their two guns, and waite you two here our Two Sentinells
both. Follow, I bid you, come.

Both. Wee doe, Captaine, wee doe.

Raf. Rooke, while they search the howse within doore, what
shall wee two search, without doore, to keepe vs from Idlenes?
saye.

Roo. I think it best searching, wee fall not into dike both.

Raf. The forecast is good, Mary. yet I will teach thee a
better exercise then that sure.

Roo. What? yfaith.

Raf. Lets sling an Hunts up to the Batts, Rooke.

Roo. Zounds, slaye wee the men, not the Mice, *Rafe.*

Raf. As how? say.

Roo. Lets rifle a Man of his cloake, *Sirrha.*

Raf. In good sadnes let vs, For the weather is cold by
St. Anne.

Roo. But let vs doe it with a most manly, and a right Herculean strength, Rafe.

Rafe. Content, Man. and therefore, till any come, Lets haue a song now, thereby to strengenth vs both two, our two Bulks, the better.

Roo. Come on, yfaith. Saye and be hangd.

THE FIFTH SONG.

1.

*Hercules, Hercules along,
Helpe our Cart, from furth the myre,
With earnest vowe and hearte among,
Hand to wheele, wee thee require.*

2.

*The Jades, stick fast, loe, in the slough,
The Cart-Roapes be all to burst,
Giue them but thou one lusty hough
Strait they will be, as at first.*

3.

*Hey gee, All Carters draw amayne,
With the whip, with the Goude too,
Ho, knaues, ho, let agone the Reyne,
So shall we get no good now.*

4.

*See, now she comes off, in a Trice,
The Good Lord be blest therefore,
To Hercules, all lawde and Prize
Be allowed euermore.*

Roo. I heare a noise within, would all were well within doore,
I beseech the Lord God of Oustes, Sirrha.

Raf. And I, in good Sadnes, loe.

ACT V SCEN 8.

THE DIRECTION.

FLORADIN, CLARIBEL, OLIVEL, LATRO, PEARLE, PIGOT *made a maruellous Rutt at their commings furth, The Rest followed easily after them and stealingly, so as the whole Scene was insensibly and suddenly brought about in Catastrophe of the Comædy, And the whole face of the Scene suddenly alterd.*

FLORADIN CLARIBEL OLIVEL LATRO ARUANIA DOUCEBELLA
PEARLE PIGOT RAFF ROOKE NIM SHIFT WRIGHT *with their two waiting women also.*

Flo. Cla. Ol. Furth you damned villaine, furth you Fornicator, furth I say.

Pig. Gentlemen, be mercifull to my ghests, Oh. Laye furth your Talent, M^r Doctor, I beseech you, oh.

Perl. Doe but shewe you haue the right vse of Reason, in you, my Masters, Hoa.

Latr. Gentlemen, quiet your selues, For what's the wrong, I haue done you? saye.

Flo. Must thou be in bed, knaue, with my wife? in a pox.

Latr. Did I know her to be thy wife? Thus much I assure you, Gentlemen, where is she Troe? There stands the Captaine, But how honest she be, I leaue that to her self to shewe.

Cla. Is that thy wife? Floradin. I say he was in same bed with my wife, And the other woman was my Sweetheart in Harwich.

Flo. Claribel, I say, he was in same bed, with my wife, And the other woman was my whoore in Maldon.

Ol. Latro, in good faith, was I such coarse Curst in your Mouth you must be tasting ginger-breade now?

Perl. An Accident worthy the chronickling verily.

Pig. As hath been since Duke William tript, on shore, I weene.*

Cla. I tell thee, Floradin, thou hast wronged mee.

Flo. Claribel, I say, thou hast wronged mee.

Ol. I say Latro hath playd the knaue with Three.

Raf. Jumpe, what a coyle haue wee here? quoth our Host.

Roo. Rafe, I haue beene at many Kitchin Saunce in my dayes, yet I neuer hearde lyke as this is.

Cla. By heauen I will be reuengd.

Flo. I, by Joue.

Ol. Latro, thou shalt haue martiall lawe without Indighting, straite. (*Latr.*) Oliuel, be quiet I tell you trewe.

Pig. Gentlemen, let me, if so be, by wit, I may take vp this matter, betweene you three now?

Ol. No neede, Sir, it is the custome such as you be euer speake for your customers.

Pig. Then let them be tryen by the Doctor, and be thou dambd. I tell thee, woman, thou abusest mee. I haue beene vmpire of forty causes in my dayes, broken pates, slasht faces, and bloody noses, yet was I neuer so denyde of thing in all those daies. Goe thy way for I am mou'd.

* See
Stowes
Annales.

Roo. See how he strouteth.*

Perl. Gentlemen, shall I enucleate this your kernell for you ?
saye ?

* Stood on
his feete
and
strouted.

Latr. Rather, M^r Doctor, by next that come.

Perl. At your own good pleasures be it. yet such a stinging
Apologie I will haue for you, shall strike through a cap of
prooffe, yfaith.

Latr. So, Sir.

Flo. Aruania, I little looked for this prank at thy hand, when
first I plighted and pledged thee my Troth, a Begger.

Aru. Haue pitie yet.

Cla. You, Doucebella, will be raunging, I do perceiue well,
when none but Raungers walk about your Bush.

Dou. Yet Pardon mee.

Latr. You oliuel, will be turning Tayle, I perceiue too.

Ol. I confesse it.

Raf. By Geometricall Proportion, then it is Jumpe euen, he
should haue layne betweene your two wiues, Sirs, As that his
wife should *haue layne* betweene, of your two wiues, the ly
husbands.

Pig. An euill Parallel by the roode. But Hearn, I heare the
Trampling of Horse, some be come, I hope, end the controuersye
wee be about.

Flo. Stand wee asyde all.

Shift. And wee, let vs waite in this hole, and obserue when
Pigot will haue the honesty deliuer vs our Bolle, since he is,
wholly, satisfyde for the money, wee owe him, now.

Nim. Come on, yfaith.

* Denham
from Har-
wich, Lacy
from Mal-
don.

*ACT V SCEN 9.

DENHAM LACY PEARLE PIGOT NIM SHIFT, FLORADIN CLARIBEL
ROOKE RAFE LATRO DOUCEBELLA ARUANIA OLIVEL WRIGHT.

Denh. Captaine Lacy, whither away?

Lac. Denham, to the Campe, with my Companie.

Denh. I am commaunded to signifie thus much to you, that
your paines be voyd, and that the Spaniards be fled all, and
that the Armie is returnd.

Lac. Returnd? As how?

Denh. Lend but an eare, Sir, I will relate it all vnto you.

Lac. Saye thy mind.

Denh. Scarce were the Foes within the ken of Land,
Or that they could decerne that spacious Baye,
That is encompass by the shoare of Plimouth,
When Francys Drake, Lord Seymour and the rest,
All drest in shining Instruments of warr,
Set forward with their Fleet, The which no sooner
Was in shot of Culuer, and that they could
Haue reached other with their Muskitters.
But straite wee summond the Foe to a fight,
To get the first aduantage of the daye,
The second hope of them that meane to speede.
Straite nought was hearde but Drums and whistells,
Sounding of Fifes, lowd thundering of the guns,
Clashing of Armour, broken ribbes of ships,
Yards, Masts, Hatches, Decks and Cryes of men
Inuoking lowd the dreaded name of Joue.

Then was the Airre choakt in with clang of Trumpe,
 With darknes, Horror, and obscuritye,
 With thunder, Tempest, Terror and Roaring,
 You would haue deemed Graund Lucifer then
 Was boyling a breakfast for the damned Ghosts,
 For had you seene the flight of sundry shot,
 Cannons, Keleeuers, and swift Petronells,
 Culuerins Muskitts, Sakers, Baselykes,
 Harnisht with pikes of fyre and steele, you would
 Haue tearmed them as many Polles of Feinds
 Ready, with hookes, to hale the Misers on
 Vnto the slaughter howse of Dis, Besyde
 Neptune, sole ruler of those raging Seas,
 Mou'd with Indignation, gainst the men,
 Raised, with forked Mace, the storming waues
 To ayde his Angrie Brother. But what? No force,
 So violent, may lastingly endure,
 Much as their Men, no sooner, with their Moones,
 Had hemd vs Aduersaryes, But strait
 The Foemen did make all the meanes they could
 Yet with large effusion of their bloods,
 To cheate our Ranks, which when with prosperous euent,
 They had but once atchiud, Sir Francys Drake,
 A Mirrhor of that day, incenst with rage,
 Summoned *vs* ships to cast about, Eftsoones
 All made amayne with Bonnets and with Drablers,
 With the Fore-sayles, Their Toppings, and their Sprets,
 And to eury one their Top-sayld Gallants,
 Pursewing, in same Plight, them th' Isle about

our

Till Charles Howard Admirall of the Fleet,
 Now seeing they had stoln to an Anchor,
 He directed eight vessells Butt their sternes,
 (That rode together, loose, as Roade gaue leaue)
 Armd with Fyre and Towe, which, in twink of eye,
 Seuerd and dispersd them Man and ship,
 Lyke scatterd chaff before the chafed wind,
 Who, by Fyre and Sword, thē pursewd by vs,
 With clamours, Thundrings, and clang of Trumpets,
 Now, lyke miserable, poore, tattard wretches,
 Doe lye, all keaking, on the shoares of Nations,
 With gaping Mouths and wounds full ghastly wide,
 To the wonder of the whole world about,
 And of which FACT FÆMINA FACTI, she is
 And which I came hither to tell you it.

Lacy. Grammercy, Captaine, for thy newes. But saye, How many haue wee lost of ours?

Denh. Onely one hundreth men, and one Bark of Cocks his.

Luc. Very verily, Sir, the Lord hath fought the Battle on our syde, All thanks therefore and praise be to his holy name. But now let vs in to the Tarlton, For what with Marching, what with the dust hath beene raised in our March, I am drye as a curst, Captaine Denham.

Denh. Lacy, attend hither, I prithy.

Perl. M^r Capitaines, wee do beseech your worships both, you would but vouchsafe vs your worships eares both, *Sedibus hæc imis, Res est non parua locetis.*

Lac. Hath the company any thing say to vs?

Perl. They haue.

Lac. And require our decisions of it ?

Perl. They doe.

Lac. Say on, Come.*

Perl. Two Neybours, dwelling on the Hills of Essex, had Two ewes, the fairest were in the country beyde, Twise came they to the Paile a day, Two Twynnes nousrd they to boote. Now, Sirs, so it fell upon a daye these Two Ewes went astraye, The one Ewe to the one Neyghbour, The other Ewe to the other Neyghbour. They little suspecting to whom they belonged, First mylkt them, after sent them to prosecute their homes. The owners finding the Ewes to haue been mylkt by other then by their selues, cast them off also. But within fewe dayes after, seeing they were not able to liue without nourishment, both layd their Heds together, and stole a Third man's goate, withall shared equally her mylk betweene them. He missing his good goate took vp these strayd Ewes, and being not able, lykwise, to liue without sustenance, kept them and mylkt them, Indifferently, by turnes. To be breife, in Processe of Tyme, These the Three driuing, one day, their Beastes to London, mett all, as mought be here, at the Tarlton in Colchester, where each being discouerd by each, They impeached the one the other of Theft, *Et adhuc sub Iudice lis est.* And therefore, M^r Capitaines, wee do desire your worships seuerall verdicts, upon the case, now both.

* Here the
Captaines
sat on the
Fourmes
both.

Lac. I think it meete, each tooke his own and departed.

Denh. I, they feede their Beastes, as Plentifully, and in the same measure they did before.

Pig. Our case Just as a Paire of sheeres.

Lac. Gentlemen, does this Tale concerne any you ?

Raf. Sirs, neuer now be abasht for the matter, But take hands, and say wee Three but.

Roo. Butt.

Pig. Trewlye, Sir, It was a chaunce, hapned this night in my howse, But I do well hope your worships will not think myne Inne, any the whitt, the dishonester, for that.

Lac. O no, myne Host, wee do not right trewly,
Nor euer shall, yet, Gentlemen, since now
The Thing is blown, I would not, sure, you droopt
For the same, what euer Thing may happen;
For know you Kings haue worne vulcanus Badge
Aurelius, Atrides, Claudius,
Not onely Kings, But Gods themselues also,
Vulcan, Cynthus, Mars, Then this our
Decision of the Case. Since that each
Thus haue reuenged each, you shall bind hands,
And for I suppose, Fowre tymes you haue changd,
First from Two to Two, Then from Three to Three,
Name the whole Frump that hereon doth ensewe,
We do confesse our selues to be but ERRANTS.
Be you agreed? say. (*Cla.*) Wee be. Loe, I take
Doucebella againe to bed. (*Dou.*) I, you.

Flo. I, myne Aruanye do wed newe. (*Aru.*) So doe.

Latr. Oliuel, thou and I will not part, For
Better nor for worse, I vowē. (*Ol.*) Agreed too.

Pig. By faith of an honest Man, This well may be called
trew Trigamie now, I do assure you all, my Masters all.

Denh. And Gentles, with best glee to celebrate
These happy Reconcilements, To morrowe,

If you so accept of so small service,
Wee will be your Conuoy, toward London, all.

All. Thanks, M^r Capitaines, and wee will attend you, Mary.

Lac. Come on your wayes and follow this way all.

Come.* But staye.

* Here they
rose.

Pig. M^r Doctor, that your worship may well know, that there is as much honesty, sometyme, in an Inholders Hed, as there be beanes in his garrets, or Hays in his Lofts, so you would but promise Pardon the offendours, For a Summary Catastrophe of the whole Jigge or Frump, I will helpe you to your Bolle, loe.

Nim. The prick-eare, see, will betray us, since he hath now, as I told you, both our Moneys, in his hand. Verily, this was that the mad deuise he spake.

Shift. Long as Shift is shift, Shift will shift for himself.

Perl. This my hand be thy Prolocutions Pasport, Pigot.

Pig. Then know* These the Two were those the Gallants, And that in Testimony of the same, loe, you now do behold your Bolle.*

* He pulld
them both,
furth the
hole.

* He tooke
the Bolle
from be-
hind the
Arras.

Perl. What Cacadaemon, Sirs, incited you prouoke my Patience? Ha.

Nim. *Mala-suada Fames*, M^r Doctor, *Mala-suada Fames*.

Perl. That that Pernicious Harlot Fames persuade you no more to lyke villainie, these shall be your doomes now. You shall, Imediately, be banisht, both the Town, with coates to your backs, and moneys in your purses, And if at any tyme hencefurth, it shall so happen, you be found returne, Then each you shall receiue a Jerkin, a peice, at the Townes dispen-
pence, Ha ha.

Both. Be it so, And wee do thank your good worship for it.

Perl. And wright shall haue his Moneye. Ha ha hæ.

Wrigh. Wy, I do thank your very good worship for it. I will clawe you, yeomen.

* A small
Clock or
Ting.

Lac. Six a clock.* Follow, Gentlemen all, Farewell myne Host.

Pig. First I will but set you in your waye, After bid you Adieu.

LACY PIGOT GREX.

Thus to our powres wee haue tayne in the vayle
From off our Comick Scene, if any the
Fault in the broadnes of the Theame, wee answere you
It is a Comædy and Comædyes,
Since world hath beene, in most things, haue beene broad,
And to clap finer stamps on ruder coynes
Would, in his circumstances, be, as if
Adde you should gold lace to a welchmans Frize,
Or mix a Cornet with a Gelders Horne.
Yet lest we should offend in some degree,
I deeme t'will be nor crime nor slanderous Sin,
Trewe you would deeme him myne Host Pigots Inne.

Pig. Sure you, Sirs, I may not, well, so afford him.

Lac. Gentlemen all, Fare well, now Frolick all.*

*Wafted all
and mou'd
his cap but.

THE SIXTH SONG.

1.

Men. *Along, Along, Gallants, Along*

Wo. *Wee do come after, all, in a Throng.*

Men. *Let neither stump nor stone hinder your Pace*

Wo. *No wee do assure in any case.*

Cho. *Sing with heaue and with hoe*

Vp to the citie wee goe.

2.

Men. *Nor Cantor nor Doxie hinder your going*

Wo. *For wee haue such foremen going*

Men. *Pick staff and Buckler hold do you not feare*

Wo. *Who would and haue such champions to Cheare.*

Cho. *Sing with heaue and with hoe*

Vp to the citie wee goe.

3.

Men. *The Tyme to maintayne what shall we now sing*

Wo. *What you will, what you please any thing*

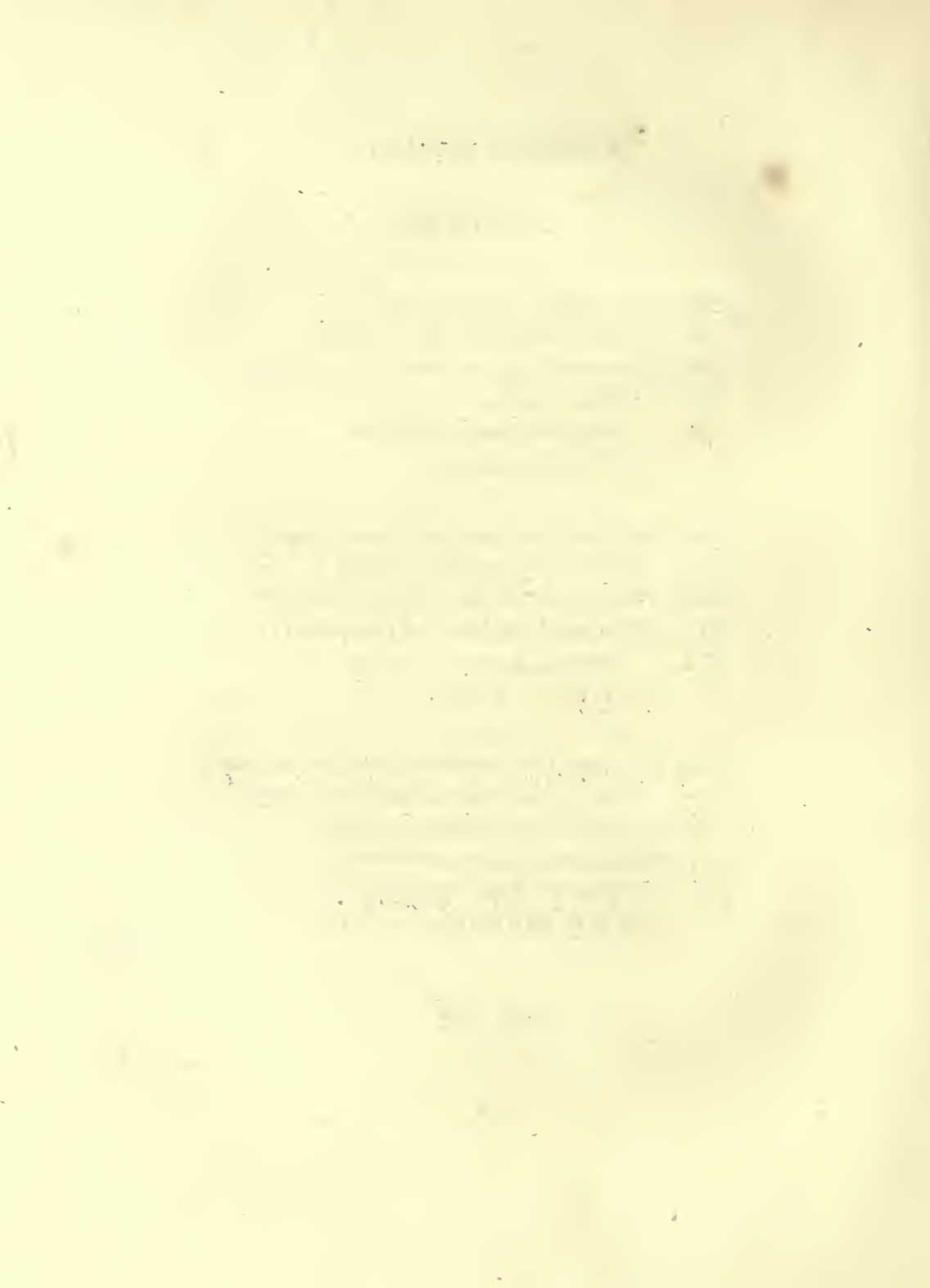
Men. *As wee goe, all, trauellling vp along*

Wo. *Gentlemen, begin, begin the Song.*

Cho. *Sing with heaue and with hoe,*

Vp to the citie wee goe.

FINIS 1601.



THE FAERY PASTORALL

OR

FORREST OF ELUES.

Malo me Galatæa petit Lascius Puella

Et fugit ad Salices et se cupit ante videri. (Virg. Bucol. iii. v. 64.)

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THE NAMES OF PERSONS.

The Prologue.

Oberon *King of the Faeryes.*

Chloris *Queene of the Faeryes.*

Orion *Prince of Eluida.*

Learchus }
Picus } *Faery Huntsmen with short Partizans.*
Hippolon }

Hypsiphyle *Princesse of Eluida.*

Florida }
Camilla } *Faery Huntswomen with short Partizans.*
Fancia }

Sylus *Graund Hunter, An Old Syluan, Clad in Badgers Skins,*
with Horne about his neck, old Bore and Corpulent.

Syluia, *A Huntresse his Leman.*

Atys }
Hylas } *Faery Pages or Faery Elues.*

Sir Daud *A Schoolemaster of the Faery children.*

Brown Sapho *His Trull.*

Christophel *A Keeper.*

Saloman *A Schoole Boye.*

Schoole Boyes 3.

Chorus *the whole crewe of Huntsmen.*

The Scene

ELUIDA FORREST.

THE PROPERTIES.

*Highest, aloft, and on the Top of the Musick Tree the Title
THE FAERY PASTORALL, Beneath him pind on Post of the Tree
The Scene ELUIDA FORREST. Lowest off all ouer the Canopie
ΝΑΠΑΙΤΒΟΔΑΙΟΝ or FAERY CHAPPELL. A kiln of Brick. A
Fowen Cott. A Hollowc Oake with vice of wood to shutt to.
A Lowe well with Roape and Pullye. A Fourme of Turues.
A Greene Bank being Pillowe to the Hed but. Lastly A Hole
to creepe in and out. Now if so be that the Properties of any
These, that be outward, will not serue the turne by reason
of concurse of the People on the Stage, Then you may omitt
the sayd Properties which be outward and supplye their Places
with their Nuncupations onely in Text Letters. Thus for some.*

THE
FAERY PASTORALL.

* THE PROLOGUE *for the Court.*

A POET neuer setteth Quill to Booke
To render, vnto men, his witts accounts,
According to his Theame opposd to him,
But first he calls, vnto his ayde, the Gods,
So wee, that be our Poets Counterparts,
If to speede wee meane, now must summon first
Your Graces mind, vnto our vows, by Prayer,
For as wee reade of Terences Comædyes
Hecyra, a Comædy, good it self,
T' haue beene explode because the Multitude,
Same day, was other way intent, wee Actors,
If now you lend to *careful* things, your hed,
Or that you little deeme our humble suite,
For lushious Banquet of your glee, beset
With curious Pourcelaine of your Prayse, be lyke
Swallow a Stiptick Plum with Hecyra
Then by your eares, in lieu of Gods to vs,

* Vide Pro-
logue Ge-
nerall Prin-
cipio volu-
minis.

weighty

Wee do Implore your Majesty, you would
 Aspire a gale vnto our Enterprise,
 And that, by wafting of your glittering Beames,
 Wee may be introduct the Tyde, you would
 Not suffer vs, with Dog-cheape Hecyra,
 (As do those children of the Arme of Gold)
 Be on this shoare, like wracked Purchase, sold
 But lyke Gold sheepe, by your sweet Musick, toald,
 Which done, proceede forward wee will be bold.

ACT I SCEN 1.

THE DIRECTION.

*HYSIPHYLE ORION FLORIDA with attendaunts, Men and women
 Huntresses on either syde. Hysiphyle with a Ghirlond
 Imperiall of Bayes. They kist at their meeting Then Hysip-
 phyle spake as followes.*

HYSIPHYLE ORION FLORIDA.

Hyp. MY LORD Orion, you be right welcome
 To Eluida, how does his Grace? I pray.

Or. At my departure from Court I left him
 In Health, In token of which with these your
 Ladiship he greetes, See. (*Hyp.*) Sir, I thank you.
 And where lyes the Court now? (*Or.*) At Opera.

Hyp. My Cosens, they do well? all. (*Or.*) All right well.

Hyp. Myne eyes haue a Rheume with sitting late,

And therefore, Florida, with liuing Tounge
Deliver them vp, thou, vnto our eares.

Flor. *To my louing Cosen HYPsIPHYLE Greeting.*

*I am giuen to vnderstand, that not onely thourough the Negligence
of you, but also by that of your fellow Huntresses my frutefull
and flourishing Forest of Eluida goeth to decaye, And that such sundry
abuses do daily rise thereby. Wherefore this is the cause that I
by these my Letters now thought it meet to require you That you
surrender the sayd Forrest together with the Appurtenaunces
thereto belonging to my well beloued kinsman Orion right
famous for his skill and Industry thourough our Forrests and
chases, As for the sayd abuses they will appeare the better vpon
the Reformation of them. This I charge you perfourme and to
perfourme it willingly, For I will beleue the complaint of my
Keepers. Obara, from our Faery Court there, And from the
last yeare of the Reigne of Julius our Father to this the present
yeare of our Reigne (*) And the forty and fifth day of this pre-
sent Greace 1647.*

* See the
number in
one of our
Almanacks.

Your louing Cosen

OBERON.

Hyp. Come you lyke to Laureate victors crownd?
Then with Mineruaes Oliues Bound? Sit you
Sure, For if you can not proue such abuses
To be in Eluida as you suppose
By my Faith you nimbd not furth so lightly
My fingers the Forrest of the Faeryes.

Or. Madame, if I were disposd so, I could
Produce those abuses that daily be

Comitt in Eluida that in the end
you would with shame subscribe to your error

Hyp. Wherein, I pray you. Repeate them if you may.

Or. No sooner was I entered the Park
But I found, loe, Heardes of Bulls and Boares
Rooting those Commons which my Deere should feede,
Besyde such spoilings and vp turnings where
They came, that such was the Hauock thereby
They pilled not onely the Barks well grown
But eate the young Sprigges in their growth too, So
That they starud the Poore Deere for want of shelter.

Hyp. Better I hope, my Lord, to let the Swyne
Route those woodes, then the Soyle by its ranknes
Should smother the Bucks in their greace. For such
Heades as they feede better on a short grasse
Then on larger commons. (*Or.*) Admit they doe,
Yet they should not vndoe the tender Plants
That serue for shelter vnto you and them.

Hyp. If but of the Plants you do complaine so
Greater Trees will our wants supplye, So that
By the vniointed tattars of your talk
I do see you do come rather to cauill
Then to redresse those Things, that be amisse.

Or. If so, why do you let the Brakes, I praye,
To Multiplie with Toades and snakes? When as
Y' haue a charme giu'n you by your Ancestours
T' expell the venemous from off your Soyle?

Hyp. I graunt, wee haue a powrfull charme and that
Verifyde by long Experience, But so

Multitudinous the Frye wee had neede,
Ibis or ophiophagi to ridde
Our Forrest of so Fructeous a Foe.

Or. Neuer, I weene, Since Eluida hath beene,
In Eluida such errors haue beene seene.

Hyp. Faeryes may alter Things as their pleasure,
That if any Thing w' haue spent our Tyme
The same may be redrest in Twink of eye.
At what then may your Lordship so complaine ?

Or. Haue I not cause, think you ? to complaine,
Seeing the Pales and Saults to be broake downe,
That in twenty places Malignant witches,
In shapes of Polecattes, Lizards, and weasells,
May creepe in betweene to bewitch the Fawnes ?

Hyp. That's the Syluans' office, my Lord, not ours.

Or. Wee pay our Syluans, but you pay yourselues.

Hyp. I dart it to you back, For I'll be sworne
Wee haue not onely pawnd our Bowes and quivers
But sold that Gland wee daily feede on
To satisfye your turne (*Or.*) other wordes would
Better besee me your Modesty, Lady.
Yet what's the cause Honnest Hysiphyle,
Syluius with his Bands of Forresters
Spoiles the game, murthereth Fawnes, affrights the Doaes ?
Committing lyke outrages, whilst you run
Tripping ore the greenes, that for wise-ten bucks
I told before I can now tell but one ?

Hyp. The Rot hath consumd them, thats the cause.

Or. If not for you the Rot had neuer beene.

Hyp. Since Cankers swarmd, wee could ne're clench the soyle.

Or. Stand you? to teare at vs, Hoa, wee haue
Our Commission, by the vertue of which
I require you what be the Lawes you vse?
When lyke Pigmies you ride against thee Deere.

Hyp. On Rammes and Goates wee compase in the Beast,
With Cymbales, Basons Piping and Tooting,
With goades, with Potguns, Scarcrowes and with reedes,
Then his Parts diuided into shares, wee
Bestowe the Miser in Baskits all along

Or. Be you not ashamd? First to come in Troupes
Upon a Fugitiue, but also then
With notes of Triumphe make him to bewayle
Th' vnkindnes of his Keepers? I discharge you

Hyp. Will you enforce vs? our cause not yet hearde?
My Lord, fore I do loose my right, I will
Vse all the Points of woodmanship I haue
Gainst you, win the Crown weare you it and mee,
And loe, in pawn, I hurle him vp our Tropheye.*

* She hurld
her ghir-
lond Impe-
riall vp to
Front of
the Fane or
Chappell.

Or. Lady, Since you be so Peremptory
I'll accept the Pawn, and vse my whole Skill
To win you and it. Better open Foe
Then Foe conceald (*Hyp.*) Neuer weild I Bowe I
Make you not forgoe the feild with shame

Or. Neuer strike I Buck if before night you
Recant not your humour (*Hyp.*) Come on your wayes,
My totall Skill shall be layd furth against you.

Or. Swift Delia for vs (*Hyp.*) And she for vs.

ACT I SCEN 2.

CHRISTOPHEL ATYS HYLAS.

Christ. M^r Atys and M^r Hylas.

At. Your Seruaunts.

Christ. Doe you say ? If I shall but chewe eury Morning any one of these Reasons from a Gore-belly Dæmon as I am now I shall then become Elf as you be ?

At. Just as Jenkin, sure.

Hyl. Beleeue him, M^r Christophel, on so sacred an Oathe.

Christ. Once more discover mee the Frayle, Come.

At. Thus. First the Squirill will so practise your Corpus cum Causa, both your worships Temples will distill thereby lyke the drops of a Lawyers labour.

Hyl. O for the Excrement of that Excrement but, It might be sold for much and giuen to Mountibanks.

Christ. By fate of my body I sweate Indifferently following a Beare, Therefore neede not in my opinion further breake the Tomblor.

At. If by maene of following a Beare your Flesh should be exhaled all euen into a Pumice stone, yet the Dregges of an Earthy disposition would then lykwise settle in your Breetch, if the Beare should but regard you grim.

Hyl. So the Plummet being lowe and base it would Tyranically aduance the rumbling of your Clock.

Christ. Then a course or Two at a Butterflye should serue my turne.

At. Haulking is Haulking and Hunting is Hunting.

Christ. Idem per Idem, yet follow.

At. If wee that be huntsmen should leaue our Hunting and fall to Haulking wee might so in Tyme transport our Forrest of Elues into the Aire.

Christ. So establish a newe world?

At. I, Sir.

Christ. The Gyaunts were dismount for mounting Mounts.

Hyl. Will you Committ lyke Sacriledge?

Christ. Seigneur No.

At. Doe.

Christ. O no.

At. What say you?

Christ. After your Mountibuck Præludium you would but shewe vs your ware now

At. Wee will vse you well.

Christ. I thank you for it.

At. Come neare I pray you.

Christ. Myne eares do stretch vnto you

At. The one Contrary deuoureth the other contrary.

Christ. As once well clothed Diues did *the* naked Lazarus.

Hyl. The same Reason. For what in Ciuill Lawe belongeth to one, that is the inferior, the same belongeth also to him that is his superior.

At. You lykwise, if together with this violence of Squirilling you would but admitt worshipfull M^r Heate into your Lodge, he would in a Trice emptye your greasy Tub.

Christ. The liquour I confesse, Now for the exhaling the dregs.

At. A Pantagruel Pille would clenche you as you were a Jakes.

Christ. Vndoe mee the Trick, I pray you.

At. Pantagruel one day lying on his death bed swallowed down his Mawe a Ternary of Chimney Sweepes, that were enclosed into as many Balles of Brasse, who after they had sufficiently purged his Filth came all back in them againe with the Tyde in a vomit, So you, Sir, according the Proportion shall be purged with as many Horse-leeches.

Hyl. How say you? Sir.

Christ. No Rakehell enters my Gutts on my Fa.

At. Take you then an other Receipt into you, I pray you.

Christ. Rather a Commodity, Therefore passe you now mee ouer to the Commoditys of the sport, I pray.

At. Whereas Hunting the Buck you may follow him Three myle without stop or staye, Hunting the Squirrill at eury step you make you may then obteyne a Tree to leane on.

Christ. I mary, How seeme I now vnto you?

Here he
strouted.

At. A prick-eare Curr.

Christ. How before.

Hyl. A Lagged Asse.

Christ. You aime at my Phisnomies

At. By his Tayle you may Prognosticate Comming of a showre.

Christ. Pretie, How I prittey?

At. By turning it to the weather.

Christ. I will institute thereof an Almanack.

At. Againe, if the storme come, Sayd Tree will keepe you drye.

Christ. Superlatiue good for skin and for boane.

At. If you faint, a Bolt will batter you a whole Bushell of Nuts down.

Christ. Liqueours refrigerate, Nuts exsiccate.

Hyl. Twenty to a Three-half pence but you shall find his store-house pist.

At. Possibly by leauelling at a Squirrill you may chaunce hit a Buzzard so merit of the Church.

Christ. How much?

At. A Groate.

Christ. Sett him down.

At. Has no hornes to poate at you, Mary now and then you may battle well a Flap of his Tayle, Sir, if so it may like you.

Christ. With better Furr may a Man be faced?

At. Finally and in good sadnes, Sir, It will be more pretious to you then Tyme himself, He is Bald behind, This, if he escape you, you chaunce may catch him back by the Tayle.

Christ. Doubt sticketh in my Mawe.

Hyl. Zounds; spet him furth.

Christ. That Beast he is his Building in Trees doth op-pugne it.

Hyl. Did you neuer heare of a Horse-neast?

At. I euer tooke him for a Hedg-hog, Hylas, I.

Christ. That Bird he is, His Multiplicitey of feet doth giue me also the Lye, yet Plinie an Assured Truth-Teller alloweth in Birds Quadruplicity of them.

Hyl. An vndoubted Beast he is, you may know him by his slouens Inne.

At. You say you? Sir, will you leaue the chace and goe along with vs? Saye.

Christ. Hau.

Hyl. Quick, Sir, Apollo wasteth his Candle, See

Christ. If I but single, I shall be singeld on the single.

At. Our Buttocks for yours.

Christ. Be your Buttocks Buttocks or warrants?

At. They be Patents.

Christ. Verily?

Hyl. Very verily, Sir.

Christ. Dwelleth in yonder Tree a *

* Sayd it
but.

A Beast will doe vs glee a

For to behold and see a

Three Merry Men be wee a

Goe wee to the wood all Three a.

At. Wee thank you, Sir. So come on your ways now.

Christ. Staye.

At. What ayle you?

Christ. The Spartans the better to keepe their Ranks,
wonted March to the tunes of their Pipes, So wee embattle wee
our selues in our March to the wind of our organs lykwise.

At. Best of all.

Christ. And be it to the tune of Gracchus his Recorder.

Hyl. Wee conceiue you well.

Christ. Neuer a whit you doe.

THE FIRST SONG.

1.

*I see the Squirrill in the Tree,
Come away, wantons, come away,
Bring Dog and Bolt along with yee
Him will we haue before shut of day.*

2.

*Each one with Bat, with Hat, with Cap,
Down with him, down ere that he climbe
Hap may the Foole salute the Trap
Ere Destinies haue spun his Tyme.*

3.

*Run Dog, shift Diuell, Hoa, amayne,
Sound Drum, strik vp a coursing steuen,
Though he putt to him all his paine,
Wee will haue him yet by St. Stephen.*

4.

*Oh, my Sir, and be you now tayne?
You shall, hence, no more our Trees climbe,
Nor eate vp, your self to maintaine,
Our fruite vnripe before its Tyme.*

ACT I SCEN 3.

LEARCHUS PICUS HIPPOLON.

Lear. Thus Far haue wee (Hippolon and Picus)
Tended on the Person of Orion
Twoward Purchase of his Right in this Land,
Yet vnto our selues wee haue not as yet
Obteyned least Fruite of our long Longings
Concerning th' Appetition of our Loues
To these Sauage and Cruell Huntresses
Florida, Camilla, Fancia, Then
Saye deare freinds and fellowes in woodmanship,
What course haue wee to take herein? O saye.

Pic. Learchus, the eyes of Camilla haue
 So bewitcht poore Picus that he hath not
 Sence or Feeling what course to take herein,
 Yet the Ardure of that Flame that burneth
 Within him is so feirce and violent
 That Hap had, Hap dab, what course so euer
 May be deuised in the enterprise
 Will seeme to be both small and vnæquall
 To th' obteyning the Palme of his desire.

Hipp. Nay, *Picus*, nay, Rather an ordinary course dilue
 Is to be attempted before wee shall
 Put in vre an Extraordinary
 For Mylde wordes and gentle Locutions haue
 Moued the Gods of Olympus come down
 In releif of their suppliant Mistrisses
 As by our sacred Poets hath beene told.

Pic. Hippolon, Hippolon, those radiant gleames
 Camilla gloomes from the circumference
 Of her sweet Arched eyen will terrifye
 Any shall but dare pleade his cause to her.

Lear. And for those ruddy cheekes of Florida,
 They do seeme to mee those starting Apples
 Of Tantalus if I should offer but
 One Snatch at their back-sliding boughes, I weene.

Hipp. But the wordes of Fancia nere so feirce
 Will qualify vpon the notes I know
 Of my strick and feruent affection of her—
 If any tyme I may but sing my suite to her.

Lear. For there is such a chill of Chastitye

In the Breasts of these Impes of Diana
 And that by their continuall Practise
 In Hunting, that sooner you shall split Rocks
 In Twayne then breake them of their Frowardnes.

Pic. Nay, I think Camilla's extract from line
 Of that Camilla in greate virgil told
 That sooner would flye ouer Spikes of corne
 Then to be tayne by Man in this round Mound.

Lear. And Florida will sooner leape from Rock
 As Ino did then yeild her little Lambe
 Vnto the vse of feirce Learchus lust.
 So keene she is against th' Assault of vs.

Hipp. Fancia of an other strayne is sure,
 As I am thouroughly perswaded of her,
 For as her name doth forcibly Implye
 She may Fancey some though late it be,
Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

Lear. Who that some should be I cannot decerne.
 My self, I cannot rectifye my mind so,
 Florida myne in any sort will be.

Hipp. *Si vox est canta, si mollia brachia salta,
 Et quæcunq, potes dote placere place.*

Lear. For haue I not vsed those many shifts
 Could be deuisd to bring my wind about,
 Yet see, Oh see, she will be none to mee.

Hipp. *Si precibus non vult cedere rumpe moras.*

Pic. Well brought about, Hoa, For women if soft
 Toucht will sting lyke nettles, if rubd againe
 Well will beare the Touch, Oh, beare vp, I saye.

Hipp. Now Picus sheweth him a Man of Proofoe.

Pic. And trye the Conclusion, For my lime-Bush
Shall hent the flightest Haggard, flyes this day.

Lear. Yet in Importunity men do saye
No losse is, wherefore giue th' Assault once more
And if wee shall not speede so, then let vs
Sing the black Saunce the one against the other:
Come. (*Pic.*) Well vyde, Learchus by my Truth; Come.

Hipp. So goe wee on and first see the Tryall.

Lear. Then come, And follow mee to Court you too.

Hipp. I doe.

ACT I SCEN 4.

FLORIDA CAMILLA FANCIA.

Flo. Sisters myne, I tell you, I am fitted for a seruauant.

Cam. Florida, If thou beest better fitted then I am fitted,
Florida, Take thou vnto thee the other Liuerie too.

Fan. How? each of vs a Horse?

Flo. I'll be sworne myne's an Asse.

Fan. Lets pace them, Sisters deare.

Flo. Come on.

Cam. Picus.

Flo. Learchus.

Fan. Hippolon.

Flo. Markst nott how my Gentleman draweth in his lips when
he but talketh lyke a paire of deale Boardes? Camilla.

Fan. Rather lyke Two shooe-soales had got a leake.

Flo. And how fithily he suppeth in his Potage! Roupe Roupe.

Cam. Picus is so formall forsooth he will rather spet into his dish then take furth with his napkin an vnsauourly morsell.

Flo. I though he had been lispng verses the whiles.

Cam. Indeed he hath the Booke of Amyntas perfecter then he has his Creede, Sister.

Fan. If Hippolon haue not more fretting Qualities then these be, then do you cutt of my Nose and eate him for an Egge.

Cam. Breake vp the Goose.

Fan. Haung nothing say to you he will stare you in the face, yet is blind as a Buzard.

Flo. Belyke he tooke thee for a Mud-wall, Fancia.

Cam. Didst not course him for his Saucinesse? Sirrha.

Fan. Consydering his Nobility I conteynd, yet wrung him as good on the withers.

Flo. Let's see the girth, wench.

Fan. Knowing him for worse then a Crowder, I sayd to him be you pricking Fancies? my Lord.

Cam. How warded he thy blowe? Fancia.

Fan. Thus, No Fancies, faire Lady, but Fan's eyes.

Flo. I know where he pickt that Gooseberry.

Cam. Did he not laugh at sauoure of his own conceit? Ha.

Fan. Each one knows better the Nature of an other man's breathe, then he does his own.

Flo. Learchus has bestowd on mee a Pound of Figges! Sisters.

Cam. Sirrha, why didst not ride him with his Asse? then.

Fan. Asses ride Mares and women ride Asses.

Flo. At what laughest thou? *Camilla.*

Cam. Since you speake of riding at a pretie *Trick* my Horse ^{cast} playd mee.

Fan. Putt Spurrs to the Jade.

Cam. Picus being to ride before mee to Park would needes in courtesye haue had mee mount vp before him.

Flo. How gottst *thou* furth the Gripe of his Importunity? ^{dilue} Sirrha.

Cam. Thus, God made women for the vnder hand not for the vpper, my Lord.

Fan. Was he not thereon Blankt or blanketted?

Cam. Verily no, onely he answerd, I meant not so sweete Madame, But that your Ladiship would haue but mounted first the Pillian.

Flo. So to haue turned thee ouer with his Foote.

Cam. A Sequence for mee.

Fan. A Flush for him.

Flo. Now will you heare what my seruant did? Sisters.

Fan. For Gods sake, Sister.

Flo. Being to walk before mee to Court, there was neuer a wench mett vs on the way betweene this and thither but he kist her.

Fan. What was his reason for it? sayd he.

Flo. As sweete meates must haue sowre sauces to them, so my sweet kisse, sayd he, would relish so much the better after their sowre ones.

Fan. He gaue thee it right.

Cam. *Cum Comento.*

Flo.

Fan. With one dost ouer and aboue I beleeeue.*Cam.* But is this all may be sayd of them?*Fan.* Much more.*Flo.* Well. Is it not worthy th' obseruing?

That men of their esteeme should be so poore

In Acts Heroick, Cheuallryes, And in

The Treasures of the mynd, while eury Pesaunt

Surpasses them in witt and worthynes?

What's to be done Sisters, Camilla, Fancia?

For such their ill brought vp vntowardnes?

Saye. (*Cam.*) Since they come t' encroach on Eluida

Not lyke Commissioners but Conquerours

Camillae's resolute opinion is

Wee serue them each an Eluish Trick. (*Flo.*) Agreed.*Fan.* Who begins? (*Flo.*) That will I, and but Pray

Whilst I am with Learchus you would but

Moue this Bush and for the rest to leaue mee.

Fan. And when I wind my Bugle Horne you would

But answere mee with yours from contrary

Places of the Forrest. (*Cam.*) Camilla, Dames

She will weaue her web without your helpes. Come.

Flo. Now each her task, which if they hit but right

All, wee will bring you, to your Beds, this night.

Here they knockt vp the Consort.

ACT II SCEN 1.

THE DIRECTION.

Here they sat all on the Fourme of Turues, Sir David walking with a Neast of Throssells in his hand held. Brown Sapho sowing in a Samplar by them.

SIR DAVID SALOMON SCHOOLE BOYES 3 BROWN SAPHO.

Dau. SEQUIMINI, follow your Masters steps, The Bell is for the Runner, the whetstone for the lyar, a Rod for a naughty Boy, And the Birds be for him best sayeth his Leçon. Obnubilate your Temples, the Plague *lyeth* in Phœbus his shafts, *lurketh.* *Juniperi granis vmbra nocente et frugibus vmbra*, So *ordine quisq. suo*, Come, say, Manasseth the Petit begin. *Tibia dulce canit volucrem dum decipit Auceps.*

School 1. *Tib.*

Dau. Doe not think so much on Tib. (*Foole.*) *Bia* you Rogue.*

Saph.) My sister would haue had thee by the face if She had heard thee Asse.

* He pluckt him by the eare.

1. *Tibia dulce canit.*

Dau. Now thou Pipest right, construe and peirce mee this worde *canit*.

1. *Cano Canis* A Dog.

Dau. Isse? Heardst not? thy Fellowes hissed thee? *Nit* you lowzie Rascall, *Nit*

1. Nit, you lowzie Rascall.

Dau. Decline mee the worde (*Canit*) and that roundly too,
I reade you.

1. *Ka.*

Dau. *Quod satis est sufficit.*

1. *Volu 'crem*

Dau. *Volucrem* or *Volu 'crem*, yet in this Place I do hold you must say *volúcrem* not *volucrem*, and of same opinion was Cato Senior the authour of this Booke, As also by his number it will most evidently appeare so vnto you, you shall see els. *Tibia dulce canit volúcrem dum decipit Auceps.*

School 2. *Mictum.*

Dau. *Accelerate, Nec Mictum retine nec Comprime fortiter Anum.*

Sal. Sir, does not the Tayle of that verse say to you, you must not enter your croane too stiff? Sir.*

Dau. A Pretie demaund it is. Yet for these Two yeares do you embrace Taciturnitie, Sirrha. It is so, Forward.

1. *Auceps.*

Dau. Thinkest to deceiue mee with a Dumbe *Decipit*? But Forward, No difficultie now a dayes I do find in the *Decipies*, Sirrha; How English you *Auceps* in our Faery Tounge? Sirrha.

1. A Fowler.

Dau. Fowle haire verily hast thou. Get thee euen into the Tonstrine, There is a groate for thee, And Amputate mee there away thy lockes. Away be gone. You in the Gally-Gascoines there, Come on your way I beseech you, say your Leçon. Begin I saye.

Pic.

Schoole 3. *Sacerdosiens ad Nuptius inuenit Pyrorum struem.*

Dau. *Ausculata.* First be it known to you before that you

shall so take in into you the inward Pith or *Cassia Fistula* of this Lecture, I shall expound vnto you the whole circumstance of the Fable by a kind of Paraphrasis as you shall conceiue mee. For so shall you be better able, as I sayd to you, drayne inwardly in into you the whole Pith or substantiall liquittie of the Matter, hereafter. A certaine Parish Priest bidden furth to a Rich man's wedding found by chaunce in his way a heape of Peares, and the which he, in high disdaine of them, drewe furth his whatchicall.

3. What is a whatchicall? Præceptor.

Dau. That you shall know the better, Sirrha, by your own Experience of him in tyme to come, And pist vpon them.

3. Oh ho.

Dau. Saying, what neede I tast these Peares? when at wedding I shall so farce my belly with christmas Pyes and venaison Pastyes I shall neuer repent mee there for my doing so here. Well, to proceede, when he was come to this Rich Mans howse (For as much as you must suppose the night before he had ouer watcht him at Mawe) He found dinner done and past before he came, So that of necessity hauing now the whole mends in his hands, what might this Parish Priest now done in the case mought you Sir suppose? Mary, in a pelting chafe returning now home, empty and hungry as he was, *Antiquæ venit Canis odossu cænæ*, He was glad for to eate of those Peares, which he had before so adspersed with the aiger Sawce of his vrine, And gaue the Lord God of Heauen most hearty Thanks for them. Goe, get you mee this by hearte Sirrha, And bring you mee it by to-morrow morning transcribed word for worde and in his own Latin Tounge too furth its own Originall latine Coppie

I reade you, For it was Ciceroes own Inuention (as M^r Acham sayes) I do promise you trewe. Away be gone.

3. *Etiam Præceptor.*

Dau. Now come on, M^r Salomon, come on your wayes (you be a graue Philosopher M^r Salomon) Come, Now after this Scuruie geare let vs but tast one Bolle of your wisdom. Sir, *Eloquere.*

Sal. *Quamquam te, Marie fili, Annum iam audientum Cratippum, Idq; Athenis abundare oportet præceptis Institutisq; Philosophiæ propter summam Doctoris Autoritatem et vrbis, quorum Alter te scientia augere potest, Altera et cæt.*

Dau. Hoa, Bung vp your voices I beseech you all, For I do heare some comming toward vs, who be no Peripatiticks I may well perceiue them by their Treadings, Bung vp, I saye.

Saph. Your treadings be as you would treade vpon Egges
dilie. feare least you breake them, *Sir.*

Dau. And loe they be all vpon vs now. Bung vp, I say.

ACT II SCEN 2.

ATYS HYLAS CHRISTOPHEL DAVID SALOMON BROWN SAPHO.

At. Salue, Domine, Salue.

Dau. I do replee your Saluie Salutations vpon you all, Sirs.

At. Your Saluie Resalutation stinketh most putrifiedly, Sir.

Christ. Fye, Sir David, you that be a Faery.

* Sowing
still.

Saph. A Faire eye he is trewly.*

Christ. And haue the bringing vp of the Elues of the Forrest in Roguery.

Dau. Sir?

Christ. You would prophane so faire a daye?

Syl. He is a Justice of Peace, I must tell you trewe.

Saph. Myne a Knaue is I must tell you trewe.

Dau. I do beseech your worship you would but obliterate the Error.

Christ. Fright them away for shame.

Dau. They be shameles and graceles Impes Perdy.

Saph. Not so shameles yet, as is our own good Master, I troe.

Christ. Send them away with a whip.

Dau. Auaunt, you Tits, that you looke mee not in the face to day.

Christ. Be it a Fat Remedy too wee all do beseech.

Dau. Be it so also. Goe, Hold you the Birds *my* Boyes and dilue pack. You Salomon, onely you, See you but reserue the drip-pings of his talk 'gainst soone.

Sal. Etiam.

Christ. Whats that Salomon?

Dau. A Philosopher he is.

Christ. A Philosopher without a Beard? Sir.

Dau. Philosophers weare no Excrements certainly.

Christ. Haue you no Merdes in your Bellies?

Dau. Some and shall lyke you wee haue, but do cast them into a ditch all.

Christ. So does my Bitch.

At. Has given him a Twitch.

Dau. I you beseech.

Christ. Your reading will testifye who you be. What's that the Book you haue in your hand there?

Dau. Scipioes Comædyes.

Christ. Scipioes Comædyes? Be you blind. Sir? Is not this plaine Terence? Sir.

Dau. Shall I haue Permittance? Shall I haue breath?

Christ. Take to thee thy wind, I do freely giue thee it.

Dau. Terence fatherd, Scipio begat them.

Christ. Who would haue taken the Puritaine for a Play-maker?

At. Rather who would haue thought the other had beene a Theife.

Dau. He could not haue been a Barbarian and haue yttred that vrbaniſtie certes.

Christ. I haue a Commission for the Examining your whoore, Therefore see you not stir.

Dau. With Part of my Soale and her whole stomacher withall to boote.

At. Calfe, wilt suffer him kiss her in thy Presence? He is no Justice, Asse.

Dau. No?

At. No.

Dau. Lips off, Sycophant, For same she is no Lettuce.

Christ. What other Sport haue wee? passe the afternoone? Hau.

Hyl. Nay, he is a Justice, I must tell you. My Fellow spake but to the contrary, but for your better Edification of the man.

Dau. Some Innocent Sport, I beseech you, Sir.

Christ. Saye.

At. Plucking Roses?

Christ. The Rose will prick you.

Hyl. Riding a wyld Mare?

Christ. The Mare will kick you.

At. Picking sloes?

Christ. The sloe will sick you.

Hyl. Catching Bees?

Christ. The Bees will stick you.

At. Hunting the Squirrill?

Christ. A Squirrill, A Squirrill, whir *

Dau. A Squirrill be it la.

Christ. Now for our companie? say.

At. You, he and I, Brown Sapho his whoore and Salomon his Boye, Fiue as I see, Sir.

Christ. Wee be Just and Jumpe euen all, as Jenkin Jermin his lips, I see.

Hyl. Wee be not so yet Sir, by your leaue, For wee be, loe, six of vs in all, Sir, Jumpe and euen as you say.

Dau. Atys most trewly hath collected, for I do repute myself but a shadowe to the man.

Christ. A speciall wise man he is. Faire Damsell, will you fall into league with vs? saye.

At. He would haue her fall into legges with him.

Saph. Sapho is ready for any seruice, Be it but to beate the drum whilest that you other on foote do set the game.

Hyl. I know what will become of you before night by your Nose, Dame.

Dau. Beware a superficiall eye, long as you liue, Boy.

At. Mr Justice, when sett wee forward?

Christ. Now, Sirs.

Dau. *Festina lente, Suluicolæ præeante et rustica Numina Fauni.*

* He shot the arrowe with his mouth as doe our Scullions.

Hyl. A Song, before wee part, Sir, yet.

Christ. With my whole Hearte, to boote, my Heartes, Selah,
Mad Gentlemen all, Selah Hoa.

THE SECOND SONG.

1.

*On a day,
On a way,
Diana met with Cupid,
Doe you see,
Nymphes, sayd she,
Feirce Loue goes yonder blindid.*

2.

*Take the Ape,
Or he Scape,
And bind him sure in fetters.
Hold a groate,
Hee'l be taught,
To meddle with his betters.*

3.

*Instantly,
Him they tye,
And breecht him sound with Rishes
Pardon mee,
Ah sayd hee,
I'll neuer wound your Goddisse.*

4.

*Having sworne,
 Hereupon,
 The God the Nymphes vnbindid,
 Diana,
 Since that day
 Was neuer shot by Cupid.*

ACT II SCEN 3.

FLORIDA LEARCHUS.

Flo. Learchus, shall I neuer be exempt?
 Of thy Impor'nate suite, But lyke a Boate
 Compact of ioined Junks and Indian reede
 Tosse eury way with tempest of thy Plaint?

Lear. And why? my dearest Florida, and why?
 More diligent the Haulk not beene to watch
 His Praye, then I haue beene to watch a Tyme
 To recapitulate and to bring
 Ingathered accounts vnto thy censure
 Th' Infinity of my suite, And, Florida,
 Yet no Recompense I may perceiue spring
 From well-heade of my hope, Then Sweet my deare,
 I charge thee by the Gods and Men thou wouldst but
 Or set on shoare, or cast mee off to Sea now.

Flo. Then thinkest thou, Learchus, to obteyne
 Or Loue or fauour at my hand and come
 with that Hostilitye vpon our soyle?
 Sooner shall the Motors of the Sphæres retort

Their wheeling circles Retrograde, then Floride
will yeild the gemme of her virginity
vnto the Pleasure of a loathed Foe.

Lear. Madame, I do confesse wee haue beene bold
T' haue come by vertue of Commission
Vpon your Park and on your Pastourage,
But how vnwilling, and with what Hearte-breake
Learchus went with them in companie
These euerlasting lampes of Heauen do know.

Flo. It is an Antique Sawe, you may not force
The Horse to rough, vnles he please, his draught
Nor a Camell loade with Indian drugges
Opprest to rise lesse you ease him of the loade,
And you, who might haue forced you thus to come
With Runnegates vpon our soyle and haue
Such proper stumps to beare your Trunk away.
And therefore, Faery, take you this for Paye,
The Gander caught with other Fowles of Praye
Made vp for companie the Fowlers Praye.

Lear. O bitter sop vnto a woe-begone,
O sowrest Pill of Tart Acrimonye,
O all the Scummes of Magick Tempraments,
If that the world were saught and I were he
Inioind by Cytheræaes doome to search
A Perfect butcher for an Amourist,
For the whole vast of this circumference
I would not moue one Jote I sweare from hence.

Flo. I see I shall neuer be rid of thee,
But thus still to be torment with thy suite.

Lear. Who's he? that sees a gallant Soule in th' Aire,
But would desire to heare him speake. Who's he?
That knowes a pretious cup I weene but would
Be glad therein to dip? Who's he? that spies
A gentle Doue in compasse of his yarde
And would not 'tice him in? Then, Florida,
Certes, since this thou beest and more then this
Why should I not entreate thee with a kisse?

Flo. If force? what Remedye. Then know, Learchus
Hypsiphyle holdeth so strick a watch
Ouer mee and ouer my Sisters, That
Now there is no place to fullfill thy wish,
Then, sweet Learchus, staye till th' Elues be gone
To rest, And then—— (*Lear.*) Nay but now sweet Florida.

Flo. Now? Sir. The Sun, loe, beates vpon our crowns,
Th' Adders peere about the grasse, The Noon-tyde
Arrowe flies, And all things els conspire
To Thwart and crosse your heddy enterprise.

Lear. If all the world were saught, and all things
In him conteynd were vp to hinder mee
I would not let but venture as I may.

Flo. Come on your way, neede will driue the Toughest
Cart I see. But behold the Bushes moue
My Lady is at hand, For gods sake, Sir,
Hide you in this well and preuent the worst.

Lear. Say you? my Lady is at hand? (*Flo.*) Beleeue
It, she will take vs in the Fact. (*Lear.*) oh oh,
Oh then thourough Fyre and Flood to ease thee.

Flo. I'll in and see, and turne to you againe.

* She let
him down
the well by
the Pulley.

Lear. Vpon so sure a vowe loe down I goe.

Flo. I thank you, Sir, Hurt not your self I praye*

So coldly rest you there till I release you.

Now, Florida, aduance thy victor steede

And with a Magnanimity resembling

That quondam Roman Ostager

Breake through this Tyde of Importunity.

For was it not my virgin Doue? Gainst which

Bending as many darts as whilom foret

Greate Regulus against the Beast of Tyre

He aymed at with that alacrity?

Wast not that wax? Far chaster than ones Mouth,

Of my virginitye? he thought t' haue stamp

His seale vpon and so t' haue borne the Floure

Of mee by Priuiledge of the Charter?

Then Prayse to Joue, and to that virgin Queene

Dread Mistris of our woodes, For they not beene,

For all those Nurtures of thy tender youth,

For all th' Examples of thy God-lyke Peeres,

The vipers treates had shakt thy Constancy,

And therefore vowe vnto their shrynes aduance

Of armed Maydes, a Deede of waxen Brond

From hand to hand, withall a Compitall,

As a Thank-offer for my deliu'rye.

For now I shall vnto my Sisters vaunt it

My Loue did brush vp his Mustach and want it.

But, Florida, stint thy strife, the day growes old,

And weary Phæbus turnes his Teeme now home.

Thou must make here the vauntlay to the Deere

According Hypsiphyle her bidding,
 So keepe him from the Brooke he do not proffer.
 So, Learchus, I bid you now Adieu,
 And therewith mee do recommend to you.

ACT II SCEN 4.

*PICUS CAMILLA.

*Takes
 hold of her
 as she flies.

Pic. Staye, my Camilla, Albeit thou beest so
 Eger on the Deere, Staye, and lend an eare
 Vnto a Misers case (*Cam.*) Away, I say,
 The vauntlay is already layne and I
 Must be at downfall of the Deere, Away,
 And let not light Camilla of her way.

Pic. The game is not so Scant in Elue and Scarce
 But that thou mayst strike hundreth Harts yet
 Before the western Sun, But for the Hearte
 Of Picus ner'e againe his lyke (*Cam.*) Stand off,
 Or I will hit thee with my bowe (*Pic.*) The Bowe
 Of Dian neuer went with half that force
 Into the Numbles of a wounded Deere
 As thyne, Camilla, to the Hearte of Picus.

Cam. Wouldst haue mee do? (*Pic.*) As from thy eyes
 thou lentst
 The sore, wouldst thy self t' apply the Cauter.
 Then lyke Telephus of Myse to resound
 One speare gaue the Salue one speare gaue the wound.

Cam. Picus, The darts Camillas eyes do hurle
 Be euer Pestilent vnto that Man

Dareth depriue her of her flowre, Then
According what reason or consequence
Should they lyke Telephus or still or kill?

Pic. The Flyes, they say Cantharides euen as
Within their corps circumference they beare
A deadly Poyson, so do they carry
A Cordiall Medcine in their wing, A Fish
Sea Pastinaca hight, as good he is
For wholesome Nourishment of man, so
In closet of his Tayle he conteyneth
A dire and mortall sting, Then why, Camilla,
As from thy eyes thou dartest scalding Bolts
Hable to make fell Tyraunts hide their heds,
From some where els thou shouldest not deliuer
An equall sluice of waues to quench the same!

Cam. Lou'st mee, Picus, and thou sayst? say (*Pic.*) Madame,
By this eternall Beame I vowe I do
And none besyde, in Eluida, but you.

Cam. Then Seruaunt (For so now I will call you)
Doe but include in hollowe of this oake,
And when I haue blowne to the Deere his death
(For so my Lady chargd on her displeasure)
I will returne (*Pic.*) I do obeye (*Cam.*) Then Come.

Pic. Camilla, Camilla, my Camilla.

Cam. What makes my seruaunt with that vehence
To recall his Camilla so (*Pic.*) Thou hast
Inclosed mee, o Camilla, among
A Sort of Bees, whose merciles stings do prick
Mee to the quick (*Cam.*) Alas deare Hearte, (*Pic.*) And with

Frightfull murmurs do build their circling Nests
Within myne eares. (*Cam.*) O sillie mee begone.

Pic. Camilla, I do feele the Pangues of death.

Cam. Speake no more (*Pic.*) Shift mee some where els
(*Cam.*) Alas

I can not, yet if my Teares may serue to
Alay the Rigour of thy smart Behold
Them shed abundantly (*Pic.*) Reach mee a bough
I may abate their Furies at the least.

Cam. I must away, Behold the Deere at Bea,
And the whole crewe of Huntresses all, with
wind of Horne, do now come in to the Fall,
I must away, or I shall be shent sure.
So sweet, deare Lord Picus, my life, my ioye,
Tarry you there but till I come to you.

Pic. Ha, now I see thou art deluded, Pice,
Camilla, Camilla, why Camilla?
Ha, gone? And I left in misery here?
Then Picus burst thou these fetterd Bands off
Of thy Affliction and with the Tyde
Of the Extremitie beare thou now down
The strong opposed Bulwark of thy woe.
O Tyde of woe, o stall of wretchednes,
O Pill of Rewe, o Cup of Agonie,
O greife, o Panguie, o dire Calamity.
See these malicious Elues by God create
For pleasant sustenance of man do fix,
Lyke vnto a Band of eger Myrmidous,
Their biting speares in furrowes of my Flesh,

Behold the Swarme hauing not where lo light,
With Idle windings and with wanton Beas
Do wast vpon my partched lips their Tyme
Till they haue consumed their whole Thyme
As is to be seene in this point of Tyme,
And therefore in reuenge loe of the losse
Vpon you all you cursed womankind
In Bitternes and in the Spite of Gall
With Tyde belcht vp from botome of my hearte
I shed the copious venoume of my curse.
You race Imperfect, you Sinks of villany,
You Caterpillers, vipers and Scums of men,
Tyrants, Channells, I weene you were create
Vnto the woe of man, For had I beene
So wise as to haue known my suite had beene
An empty bladder chased with the wind,
Rather a barren sand that Fooles do till
I had Fore now your Treachery preuent,
But, o, the Phrygian's neuer wise but late,
And it may Picus set a seale vnto.
Then since no Remedy there is to wreake
On their heads auengment fairly expect thou
The mercy of the Gods, els to finish
In horrid paine and Anguish of thy doome
Within this Tortring shop thy Martyrdome.

ACT II SCEN 5.

THE DIRECTION.

Hippolon Running in on winding of Hornes from seurall places of the Forrest shoued off with his shoulder the Pin wherewith the oake was shute, Then fell down himself wearied to Death, And Picus came furth the oake.

HIPPOLON *alone.*

Hipp. How? here? and here? here? and eury where?
Oh Jupiter.

ACT II SCEN 6.

PICUS HIPPOLON.

Pic. Hippolon? man, what aylst?

Hipp. Oh Lord. But first fetch mee one draught, deare Picus,
From the well, after I will tell the all.

Pic. I goe, my Thirst requireth it as yours*
O the infernall Goddesse of the deepe,
My Lord Learchus? Tell vs, Man, who hath
Degenerated you with water thus?

* Here he
pluckt
Learchus
vp.

ACT II SCEN 7.

LEARCHUS PICUS HIPPOLON.

Lear. You? who hath put thee in that picle? Say.

Pic. My Lady hath, But you? (*Lear.*) And myne

(*Pic.*) Behold.

Hippolon at the finall Periode

Requireth water of Releife Also.

Lear. The Platforme is a Platforme Tripartite,
But leade mee to the Man. (*Pic.*) Loe there he lyes.

Lear. Hippolon, what cheare? (*Hipp.*) Lyke to a Man
forgone.

Pic. Sirrha, here, loe, take one draught and refresh thee.

Hipp. Picus, I thank thee. (*Pic.*) How dost now? say.
(*Hipp.*) Now

But place mee on thee Turues I will relate

You all my storye. (*Lear.*) Saye on, wee do heare.

Hipp. [*lying all along.*] Scarce had with mounting steedes
the Fyrie Sun

The Top of Mount Meridian attaynd

When in a goodly Thicket with Rowes sett

Of verdaunt Elmes and lofty Cedar Trees

I tooke by wondrous Fortune and chaunce

My Lady Fancia lowe layd on Turff,

I hent her fast and would haue obteynd there

My longed Fruite, Nay, quoth she, that's no Playe,

I meant it at the first, But, loe, not Farr

Does rest Hypsiphyle among the Elmes

To take refreshment of the day, Then where

Thou hearst my Horne aduaunce and not delay

For in this place I may no longer stay;

I let her goe, eftsoones I hearde her Horne

To Ring vnto her straggling Hound a Call,

I forct my speede to East, the Horne was west,

I bent my force to west, the Horne was East,

If to the North I ran, the Sound was South,
 If to the South the wind was North, so that
 To contrary Places by forcing mee
 I haue, behold, vndone myself well nie.

Lear. But was this done with willingnes? say you.

Hipp. As willingly I deeme as ere I lou'd her.

Lear. Hippolon, now rest vntill that I reade
 For so loath action its worthy Creede,
 For to vs they haue serud the lyke deede,
 You broode of vipers, you Sects of Falsitye,
 You howse of horrors, you pits of crueltye, you
 You gulphs *and* Sinks, you Hells, how shall I lay
 Just tearmes to compasse in the wall of your
 Defects? or where shall I fitt weedes gather
 To stick you with? For, women, had you none?
 To schoole with rods of your deceit but them?
 That were so plaine in louing you? But them?
 That did alway seeke your honour? If All
 That be conteynd in this circumference
 Were saught to Ferret lyke Three deuices
 The Azurde armes would not enfold their match
 In all its Points, I washt, he stung, This Tyrde,
 Yet tis no wonder certes, For if this Sexe
 Were Anathomised you should find
 Within the hollowes of their Breasts to lurk
 Such falsity, Lyes, and Peruersity,
 Such Rancour, Malice, and Enenmitye,
 Such Filth and such Corruption,
 That Momus who glazed man would here

Vnto the woman once discouered
 Haue peirced thourough eury Tripe and gut,
 Thourough the Hearte, the vena Caua,
 Through eury vaine and eury Arterye,

Pic. Through all the Nerues, the Sinewes and the Muscles,
 The Lungs, the Panch, the Midriff and the Bladder,
 Into the Apple and in the chrystalline,
 The Breast Plate and the rigid weasan-pipe,
 The Phantazie and the cheast of Memory,
 Common sence, occiput and Synciput.

Lear. He would haue beaten their boanes to splinters,
 He would haue pounded those splinters to Bran,
 He would haue bolted this Bran to meale,
 He would haue mixt this Meale with drops,
 He would haue Kneade these drops to stiffning Dough,
 He would haue bakt Splinter, Bran, Meale, Drops, Dough,
 In one consent, In Jawe, of Scortching oue

Both. To wrest with neere regard and carefull heede
 That humour furth and calcind Quintessence
 Of their Infirmitie. (*Hipp.*) I doe see, Sirs,
 By sequell of your Tales, as yours to you
 Haue guerdoned your labours with a Blank
 So Fancia, to mee hath playd her Prank.

Pic. Hippolon, trewe, withall do require now
 To wreake our vengeance as the Facts require.

Hipp. The splendour of my Loue that whylom was
 Immaculate as be the Swannes on Poe
 Vpon your foule reportes is turnd a Crowe,
 Wherefore, Faeryes, devise you any Thing

And to the same I will subscribe also.

What is your Plot? I pray. (*Lear.*) That's not yet deuisd,
Yet for a Tast know you, my Lord, I'll walk
In lykenes of the Keeper Christophel;

Pic. I'll Alter kind and in Brown Sapho dwell.

Hipp. I haue my Plot and Dauid shape for me.

Lear. Each one into the Furrs, For there they be.

Pic. Then come your wayes all, Lets seeke them furth all.

Hipp. Oh. you must beare mee you, For so my Joints
Be now benumbd I may not moue one point.

Pic. Heaue, Learchus.

THE DIRECTION.

*Here they bore him furth on their shoulders after the old manner
of the Matachine on all Fowre with more companie for the
cleanlyer Portage, Then mounted he sayd these wordes
following.*

Hipp. With Fæminines to Temper,
O what a greife it is, o what a Temper.

Here they knockt vp the Consort.

ACT III SCEN 1.

THE DIRECTION.

*HYSIPHYLE ORION with Huntspeares, And with their followers
on either syde, Men and women. The Six Ladyes and
Lords omitted.*

HYSIPHYLE ORION.

Hyp. My LORD, well mett, How goes the game with you?

Or. Nay how, my pretie Dame of chase, with you?

Hyp. Sir, I think I haue got the wind of you.

Or. How, I pray you, my dainty virgin, how?

your

Hyp. Did not I, whilst *the* Dogs did cast behind,
That they lost of the Hart the sent and wind.

With speede make vauntlay to the Deere? whereby
You lost the Aduantage you forespooke of mee?

Or. My Hounds were once ouer-haled all, I wusse,
No Lawe yet of game so get the vaunt of vs,

Hyp. If both were as wise. The one the other
Wee should haue at home kissd th' Harts hoofe together.

Or. You should haue made A lay but in the Nick
So might we haue beene Joint winners both each.
Whereas now one of vs must tast the Leash.

Hyp. Rather you haue made the Relay and sayd.
As did that Bitch that came came nine miles behind,
Wee dogs haue kild the Hare I see and find.

Or. Some of my Dogs stale out of Couert whilst
I bad Arreare vnto the rest. So that
You can obiect no Huntsmans Fault to mee.

Hyp. Wast no fault? Let their Tarrets loose when as
You might haue kept them in with staff and voice?

Or. If some were Light and knew not to obey
You should not the Fault on the Keñnel leye.

Hyp. You might haue taught your Dogs, all whelpes of
kind

Tarry whiles their Fellowes couert behind.

Or. A Kite's a Kite and a Kite will be euer,
A Curr's a Curr and a Hound will be neuer.

Hyp. A Curr's to be wanted with Stone and Bat
Whiles generous Hounds be taught beware of that.

Or. The vauntlay is by Huntsmen all condemnd,
Why should you then your vauntlay so commed?

Hyp. A Fault I hold, be woodmen ne'ere so wise,
To let a Hart with speede our Hunt despise.

Or. Ist no Fault? faster forcing him to hie
To leese the full crye of the Cast thereby?

Hyp. That's as you might not forward aduance
Vnles you hearde all Mouths pipe to your Daunce.

Or. Nor you, you might not heare their Musicks voice
For because they kept such a yelping noise

Hyp. Fieue Parts do make a whole Consort they say,
Better then it is bid the Cast away.

Or. Though but fieue make the Consort, they say,
Yet many vnisons make full the Laye.

Hyp. The vauntlay to the Hart I did but offer
To keepe him from the Brake he might not proffer.

Or. The vaunt so you layd him that in the wind
He with more speede left vaunt and Cast behind.

Hyp. Why stand wee thus debating on the Cast?
Whilst as you see away the day doth hast.

Or. I sweare no Tyme past yet, my Lady deare,
But that wee may vn lodge whole Heardes of Deere.

Hyp. Come on your ways, before the Sun be down
I will cause you say I haue wun the Crown.

Or. Done, Lady, done, I hope ere Sun be down
To cause you too to say that I haue wun.

Hyp. Where be my virgins all? I stand on Thorne
Vntill this chase be set on foote with Horne.

Or. Make speede, my deare, with all the speede you can,
I will be with you yet to bring by Pan.

Hyp. Virgin in Heaven aboue, and in Hell's shade,
Delia, come with speede and helpe thy Mayde.

*ACT II SCEN 2.

HUNTER HUNTRESSE.

* Sylus
hauing
stolen furth
the chase
his Leman.

Hunt. Now, lusty Leman as I sayd beforne
Quick begin wee the Thing for which wee come.

Huntr. Then here sett wee vp our Turnaments, Leape-vp.
And you that giue the challenge first leape up.

Hunt. Loe thus my Carreere I do strait begin.

* Arme in
arme.

Huntr. Loe thus my Buckler I hold furth to him*

Hunt. Brighter then be the Portales of the Sun
My virgins eyes vpon my eyes haue shone.

Huntr. Lyke vnto the charming Songs of Ligia
Thy wounding woordes haue stricken Syluia.

Hunt. What higher kingdome may my Soule aspire
Then to be quickend by my Syluiaes Fyre?

* *She kist,
He smackt
double.

Huntr. Loe this sweete dewe I rayne to coole your heate*

Hunt. I hurle these shafts, sit sure and keepe your seate*

Huntr. Nay, Syluius, of Courage spare one ounce
Least all your Blondring Bolts be spent at once.

Hunt. Lyke Porpentine I neuer voyd my quiuer.

Huntr. If you take not good heede your Launce may shiuer.

Hunt. That sayd dewe of thyne may the splits recouer.*

* He kist
her.

Huntr. Nay then, Sir Syluius, wee shall ne're giue ouer.

Hunt. *Bellum* is sayd being nor good nor faire,
But our warr, Syluia, is both faire and rare.

Huntr. If Cupids warr be such a iolly thing
Why made it wretched Troye such Næniaes sing?

Hunt. Because they their warr in the feild did moue,
But our is in a priuate Tent of Loue.

Huntr. What so enuious chaunce may then Maligne
Our Aduerse Toyles in one wee not combine?

Hunt. Then come, my Syluia, wind thyne armes in myne.

Huntr. So Mars with Venus do in Lynks entwyne.

Hunt. Once againe this Amourous shaft I giue thee.*

* Kist with
a Smack.

Huntr. Most strongly shot and rightly hit beleeeue me.

Hunt. Since you commend my Archery so high
Loe you another shott as Masterlye.*

* Smakt
againe.

Huntr. A Truce, good Sir, For as our Poet seyed it,
Si nunquam cessas tendere mollis erit.

Hunt. Here in thy lap, Syluia, I'll lay along.

Huntr. While vnto my Loue I shall sing the Song.

Hunt. My choicest faire Doe and my Deare come on.

THE THIRD SONG.

1.

*Forward hie wee with Pace and Trot,
Before wee shall, by the Hind Cast,
After with Bowe the Buck be shot,
Be at the Fall when th' Hunt is past.*

2.

*A leash will then be our Reward,
Els nothing, wee do vs assure,
Now let vs not lagge, in the Rere ward,
But onward the Pace with foote sure.*

3.

*Before the Boasted Buck be down,
If wee in Place together be,
Chaunce wee may giue the Keeper soone
A blast of the Horne for his Fee.*

giue wee
may.

ACT III SCEN 3.

CHRISTOPHEL ATYS HYLAS SAPHO SALOMON *with an old getterne playing and walking before them.*

Christ. Come on, Mad wench, thy way.

Saph. Where left you M^r Schoole master? Prey.

At. On Top of a Nut Tree, Sapho.

Saph. There let him be.

Hyl. *Gloria in Excelsis.*

At. And haue singeld thee furth to make thee Doe, Sapho.

Saph. Wey, Atys.

At. Thou speakest lyke a Chambermayd, that minceth comfits. Fall into the whole handfull, wench, and say, *Corpus solidum Succii plenum, Flos ipse.*

Christ. *Bos ipsa.*

Hyl. Sweet Brown Sapho, Shall wee Three Tabour and Pipe vpon thy Bum now?

Saph. I am assured you may not at once so doe.

Christ. If I but get one Snatch at thy Haunch I shall not care for more.

Hyl. Thou knowest the Schoole-master Snorteth at high Noone voydeth the Salt Rheume by a stalk of Rose-mary, ouer and aboue that he coruetteth in his sleepe.

Saph. Do you think? I come so near his wind? Hoa.

At. Tell vs in good Sooth.

Saph. Why not in good North.

At. How lykest thou thy Pursuyants?

Saph. Once I serued a Purseuaunt such a Trick, as the Lord forgiue mee for it, I shall remember it while I breathe.

At. How? I prithy, how?

Saph. Being come with a citation from the Bishop.

Hyl. A Sumner, Foole.

Saph. Puu.

At. Art curtalld? Sapho.

Saph. My Tale is ended, therefore not Curtald.

Hyl. Wordes do signifye nothing of themselues, Therefore you may take these two wordes now vnder one and self sence and mark, Sumner or Purseuaunt, Purseuaunt or Sumner.

Saph. Come with his citation, M^r Schoolemaster inuited him to contract of two his seruaunts, I and one Hodge.

Christ. Hither I do smell thee, Sapho, vnder the cullour he maintaineth thee his whoore.

Saph. Eftsoones wee came furth the vestry all, The Parson of the Town in his white and cleane scoured Surplis, M^r Shoole-master my Father in his spruce Batchlours Habit, Tudon the Tabourer with his Tabour and Pipe, Hodge and I in our

held.

Holiday clothes. Contract being ended, vnder cullour of giving, according to the Fashion of our Faery weddings, superficiall Flirts the one to the other, wee so soused the Sumner with Iron Gauntlets, wee *kept* hid in our sleeues, he bespattered the whole Floore with his goare all, lyke vnto a crowned oxe of the Mast. I do loe here protest it vnto you all, deare Gentlemen myne.

Hyl. I troe, thoult not vse vs so, Sapho.

Saph. No, I assure you.

At. Wilt to Lodge with vs?

Saph. I dare not.

Hyl. I'll giue thee a Belt.

Saph. I care not.

At. I'll buy thee a Kirtle.

Saph. And spare not.

Hyl. What sayst to a better face?

Saph. I nill it.

At. How to a spoonefull of witt.

Saph. You spill it.

Christ. How answerst, wench, to a full and well-weighed Pownd of Faery Butter? Say.

Saph. Ridde but the Philosopher haue with you strait.

Christ. Let mee alone with him. Salomon.

Sal. Sir?

Christ. I neede not say what a Bugge thy Master is.

Sal. What sayes your good worship to mee?

Christ. If wilt be ruld by vs, wee will teach thee a Trick shall humble both hornes of him in one deuice now.

Sal. Saye your mind.

Christ. Peepe but furth that hole in shape of some ill-fauourd Beast, The Rest wee will doe it our selues.

Sal. Will not our Master perceiue it? think you.

Christ. No, I warrant thee.

Sal. Goe to, I will procure mee a peice of Caruisse shall fit him so.

Christ. 'Tis good about it thou.

At. Brown Sapho shall wee haue thee now?

Saph. You would Riddle me my Riddle you shall, otherwise you would not molest mee more.

At. Be it so, Conditionally, in lyke case, thou tellest not ours, thou wilt be Packsaddle vnto Three.

Saph. Begin.

At. Riddle mee Riddle mee what is this. Stiff standing, Rough Hanging, Betweene a Maydens legges, in a frosty Morning.

Hyl. I know from whence thou haddest that Riddle, Atys.

At. *Vide locum.*

Saph. It is a distaff with his Flax about him.

Hyl. She has flung the Saddle, See.

At. Burguinon neuer hitted Button better.

Christ. Nor thou Tumbler the eye of a Needle verily.

Saph. Now reade you mee.

Hyl. Thou shalt be rid.

Saph. A creature tis,

And Part I wisse,

Has hed nor Tayle,

Yet sucks the Male,

Dissolue the Knot,

And haue him not.

Christ. Zounds it is a Sucking Rabbit, Sapho.

Hyl. Oedypus would not haue vndone the knot.

At. Rather would the Knaue haue done furth his eyes.

Hyl. Now, Sapho, ride thou mee.

Saph. Come on.

Hyl. What's that that is neither Rime nor Reason and is
Rime and Reason.

Saph. I know not.

At. Nor I.

Hyl. I will giue thee till tomorrow Sapho.

At. Michelmas.

Christ. I found mee not to haue beene Ignoraunt vntill this
present howre, Gentlemen myne.

At. Thoult not yet fling the Butter in our faces? Sapho.

Saph. I am not so rude a Huswife, Gentlemen.

At. For the rest let vs alone with it.

Saph. A Song yet before wee trusse vp, Hoa.

Christ. Begin you.

THE FOURTH SONG.

1.

In the Month of May

One day I did see

Vnder a Tree

Two struiuing for Marcida.

2.

Th' one gaue her a Cake,

The other a cheese,

Mayde which of these

Sayd they, dost thou better take?

3.

*When a country Groome,
Drawing close and nie
A Pudding Pie,
With him, sayd shee, hie I home.*

ACT III SCEN 4.

Sir DAVID alone, cracking Nuts.

Dau. So ho, So ho, where be my Leash of noble Hookers bestowed, Troe wee, Troe wee? I think they be fal'n by this welkin, by whom I shall be sau'd now, into some Bogge, For by S^t Anne I haue known, in my dayes the lyke case to haue happend, by concopulating, *Sub audiendum est*, by concopulating, so that I can not now chuse but thus hallow after them, they be so farr enterd into my Ematriculate Booke Perdy; But Ho, *Vnica Nux prodest nocet altera* (Nux) *Tertia Mors est*, Vmph, Moreouer in Summe and in the Synopsis of the Account *Vina Venus nuces faciunt corrumpere voces*. Wel. If I were but to institute a Cathedrall, I would make it Expulsion but for one to kisse a wench or but for one to eate one sole Nut, For loe you now how the Arraunt Calf does so grate the Crotchett vpon the Toothe of man. Now as I do remember Cock and Hen went once a nutting when Cock climing a Nut Three Hen stayd belowe to gather, Fuck, quoth the Cock, Duck, quoth the Hen, when one small Nut lighting on her little No Land, This Hen assured her Chuck that the whole world was then falln on her, Tut, sayd the Cock, But, sayd the Hen, Butted she so long, that the Cock descrying, on the sudden, a full and bouncing showre of

dilue

Hayle comming toward him, was in huge and bodily Feare least the whole Neast of the stars would instantly haue founderd all and whole vpon him, wherevpon he bad his sweet Duck Incontinently Trusse the whole wallet and home to be Jogging, So, I least the same chaunce should now befall mee (For what can I tell what omnipotent Fortune prætendeth by this Diuision or Schisme of vs) I will instantly loe stretch my gosier, wide as euer I haue him, to my Ayde, and crye (who if they come not at the call the Pox goe with them all) lowde as euer I may, So ho, So ho, ho ho ho, Hallow, whoope.

ACT III SCEN 5.

OBERON CHLORIS *stickt with Flowres all her body.*

Ob. Why tell mee, Sweet Chloris, Is it possible? that a man should be of a Hearte so stiff and so obturate that he shall not once be able to counteruayle a silly woman in the affection of her Loue? As last night thou may'taynedst it against mee, Ha.

Chlo. What be men, my Lord Oberon, But Bubbles puft with the Aire, Soone begotten and soone crackt into wind, wee women, lyke to Constant Rocks of Adamant can withstand the Puisant and boisterous Assaults of Inconstancy in Loue, whatsoeuer, nay Howsoeuer, and whensoeuer I assure you verily better then you can.

Ob. Then is it in vs nothing to haue bloods and Faculties more firme and stronger then you haue, yet that wee should be such abiect veselles wee should not once be able to resist that weake and feeble Imperfection of Inconstancy in Loue better then you? Saye.

Chlo. Constancy, my Lord Oberon, consisteth together and alone in Closet of the Soule, Now Although some of our Adversaries do affirme against vs that women haue no soules in them at all, yet if the cause be euer to be tryed by its effect, Then I say wee women shall shewe better and greater Proofs of the Soule in vs then you can, So by consequence the greater Constancye in our Loue.

Ob. I will put it to the Arbitriment of Jupiter himself whither of the Two hath the greater Affection in Loue, thou or I, So whither of the Two hath the Perfecter Soule.

Chlo. By Jupiter! The Lord haue mercy on vs all, I think the Man hath eaten Mandrakes, he speaketh so confidently of his confirmation of Affection of Loue in man but new now created in him certes.

Ob. I do assure you, Sweet, and speake it too by Prophetysye, There is a Man now comming toward vs who shall evidently make it appeare, By a Miracle of myne own too, that my saying is trewe, and that you women haue not all the Type of Affection of Loue in you, as you say you haue, But wee men haue an equall share of Loue with you remayning in our selues also.

Chlo. What might this blessed Miracle be? Troe.

Ob. And that my augury may verifie the Truth of my saying to you, now euen now belceue mee Three be comming toward vs, Three for Tryall of the same.

Chlo. Then sitt wee asyde and laugh at the Jigge.

Ob. So doe, and laugh at the Euent when so you see it happens. Goe to. But loe, they be all vpon vs now. Come on, old man, Hast any Tydings Impart to vs? Saye.

ACT III. SCEN 6.

THE DIRECTION.

Mercury passing over the stage and wafting his Caducæus, enterd Tyresias blind, led by Manto his daughter and followed by Mopsus his Sonne.

TIRESIAS OBERON CHLORIS.

Tir. I haue, my Lord, I old Tiresias once trewe Prophet of Thebes, now blind Seer of Hell, come from Jupiter, a Trewe suppliaunt to your Maiesty, now but from Pluto his Court, wafted hither by the sacred wand of Mercury the Guide.

Ob. Who be these your followers? saye.

Tir. The one of them is Mopsus my Sonne, the other Manto my daughter.

Ob. Say your mind.

Tir. Once, on a Tyme, Jupiter and Juno being ouergone in wyne they were disposed to be merry the one with the other, For their Recreation. Jupiter would needes maintayne against his wife that men bore the greater Affection in Loue thē did the women, Juno mayntayned the contrary against him that women bore the greater Affection then did the Men. So long they contended they were ready fall to blowes, when Jupiter wiser of the Two (For he had a hed more strong and firme then had his wife to beare his wyne, as he who but little before had carryed an Armed Mayde in his brayne) sayd, nay, wife, rather then that thou scratch furth myne eyes by the bargaine, I prithy let vs put the deciding of the controuersy to that old

Prophet of Thebes Tiresias by name who hath tryed both Sexes, they say; Be it so, sayd Juno, let the Man be Incontinently sent for. I being come before their Maiesties according my slender skill gaue sentence on Jupiter his syde, For the which Juno was so wroth and cholerick at mee then, she beate furth my eyen both yea both the Twayne of them (verily and right well now I do it weene) euen furth in a rage, I in good Sooth my good Lord. Jupiter to make mee amends for losse of my eyes Imparte to mee the gift of Propheſye; so liuing in darknes, many ſucceeding Age after; It came at laſt (after my deceaſe I weete) into their mindes to reſtore to mee my Sight; But with condition I ſhould appeale to a man, who for his wiſdome and for his Experience had more ſkill in the caſe then I had, And who but by touching myne eyes with a wand ſhould in confirmation of this Right reſtore to mee my Sight. Now if many memoryes be (as the Philoſophers affirme) the Mother of Experience, And that experience is the Miſtris of all Arts and Sciences that be conteyned vnder this vniuerſall Glöbe, To whom ſhould I addreſſe myſelf, thought I, then to your long-liud Maieſty, who now King of the Faeryes (Lyke to the Husband of Aurora) as you haue now liued from Julius your Father to this now preſent Moment, So our hopes be you ſhall protract the ſame yeares to an hundreth and hundreth Generations yet to come more. And to whom, Behold I haue now Adreſſed my humble and moſt Importunate Petition concerning my whole eſtate, And the which ſo doing I do not doubt but that I ſhall recouer my vn lucky and forfeited ſight once more, which the Gods graunt mee, I beſeech them all, for their mercyes cauſe. Dixi.

Ob. Most Pretie, *Cum remini obtrudi potest itur ad me*, when the Gods cannot decide the Controuersy, I must. But to the Buisnesse wee haue in hand. First, for the better vnwinding the Knot that wee are now to vntwyne, First. you are to vnderstand, that if at any tyme it so hap that a woman doth surmount a man in the vehemency of her Loue, The Man then not answering the woman with the lyke Affection, then I say that Loue cannot be called Loue, but rather a sudden Impotency in Nature, For *Amicitia est inter Pares* say the Philosophers, Trew freindship is not to be seene but betweene equalls. Againe whereas the sayd Philosophers affirme that *Maius lumen obfuscatur minus lumen*, The greater Light doth dim the lesser light, If lykewise the Man be to whot and chalcrously bent toward the woman and the woman be but cold and feeble in complexion toward the man, that Loue can not be Loue neither but the Embryon or the vnperfect Mushrome of Loue (If the daunce agree not with the Musick, nor the Musick agree with the daunce, there then will be there neither daunce nor Musick I am persuaded). Thirdly, if trew it be that Diuines do affirme the woman to be borne of mans boane and flesh of mans Flesh, Also that Man and Woman be both of them but one boane and one Flesh, So both one and the same in one and same substance, And that *contraria non possunt coherere in vno et eodem subiecto simul*, Contraryes may not abide in one and same subiect together at one and self tyme, Then I do most peremptorily enforce my Argument and do affirme, that the one louing and the other not louing, or the one being but in Loue, the other vnæquall in her Loue, there cannot then be there abiding any the least Essence of Loue, But rather a totaller

voyd vacuum or vacuity of Loue in both the Two. So finally giue in my verdict, that a woman can not beare greater affection to the man, than can a Man beare to the woman, nor a man a greater affection the woman then can the woman beare to the Man, But that both of them equally and Indifferently to haue both of them. I say, their equall and indifferent shares of Loue in any one kind of their Loues, if it be Loue. So Jupiter if I haue spoken right, restore to this blind man by mee his sight.*

Tir. Blest be that hand hath giu'n mee second light.

Ob. O how Excellent is the powre of mighty Joue.

Tir. But I must away, Mercury wafte mee back, So Prayse and thank to good King Oberon.

Ob. My lyke Adieu, to thee, my good old man.

*He toucht
his eyes
with Butt-
end of his
wand.

THE DIRECTION.

Mercury entring by the Midde doore wafted them back by the doore they came in.

Chlo. This hath gone hard against mee, my Lord, nor may I now well reuoake it, since it is so fully and trewly confirmed against mee by Miracle, But what doth your Maiestie heare of my Lord orion? Is he in health or hath he obeyned the victory he went about?

Ob. Trust mee, Madame, I haue not hearde any thing of him since his departure from Court. But my hope is he shall præuayle, so deepe is his wisdom in Sciences, And so Excellent his high skill in woodmanship. But I hope thou and I be not yet in strife about the victory?

Chlo. No in perfect sadnes am I, my Lord Oberon.

Ob. Then let vs kisse, and confirme it therewith.

Chlo. Yes, in good Faith, my Lord, be it so.

Here they knockt vp the Consort.

ACT IV SCEN I.

FLORIDA with a Leash about her neck.

Flo. I TROE, since lawe of game was first inuent,
 Or Huntsman hath vncouppeld Hound there hath
 Not beene, in all that stoure, perfourmed light
 A nobler chase then this. No sooner were
 The Dogs let loose and that the groomes had cryen
 A Trayle a Trayle, when loe th' odorant force
 Thickend lyke to leaues in Sagittary
 Rusht into feild with might and mayne, So ho
 Amayne, they cryde, List a Ringwood, list, list,
 So ho againe, you noble Currs, So ho,
 When eftsoones lighting on the greedy sent
 The whooresonnes spent a good, Tat Tat againe,
 Ho againe, assayne, assayne, when rushing
 Int 'open plaine they opend three such keyes
 Of Nete combind, Diapason, Meane
 That the whole quire of Heauens Hierarchy
 Could not conforme their lyke, Then in chace
 With Greyhounds according my Ladyes bidding
 I made the Alay to the Deere, when, loe,
 He got vnto a Tree, Long there the Bea
 Betweene the egar Mouthed Currs and him,

Ringwood made at hed, Lady Snatcht a haunch,
 Light-foot the syde afore, Talbot the other,
 That with th' Anguish th' Heartles Hart beset
 On all his sydes with th' horror of his Death
 From eyes shed teares on ground abundantly,
 But what? the Merc'les Currs were so enflesht
 Vpon the life of him, for all his treates
 For all his Fountaines spent, For all his bent
 Of Humble Knee they would not stint but teare
 The suppliant Soule with launcets of their Teeth,
 Hither my Lady aduaunct her steede, Hither,
 Perceiuing far the Boasted Buck at Bea,
 Came in the totall crewe of Huntresses
 With wind of Horne, at one the Cast besyde
 With open Mouths, when strait Hypsiphyle
 Moued with compassion on the Beast
 In tender loue and in heroic spirit
 Picked furth her quier her best of shafts,
 And in a trice wound th' Heartles Hart to death,
 So all with lusty Peale wee blewe his Death.
 But, loe, so faint I am I can no more,
 And Tounge claues too to Pallate of my Mouth,
 And therefore in Triumpe of this dayes sport
 I will vnto the well, withall in one
 Release Learchus and refresh myself.
 But is not this the Keeper Christophel?
 I will preuent him in saluting first.
 Christophel, good day, Sawst any my sisters
 Pursewing the emboasted Deere this way?

ACT IV SCEN 2.

* In lyknes
of Christo-
phell.

* LEARCHUS FLORIDA.

Lear. Not any thy faire Sisters I haue seene
Pursewing the emboasted Deere this way.

Flo. Nor any Hound straggling from his Fellow?

Lear. Madame, not any. (*Flo.*) Helpe, I prithy now
I drawe the Bucket may refresh mee.

Lear. God sheild, faire Madame, and my Lodge so nie.
If your Ladiship vouchsafe accept of it
You may Commaund a Cup of Summer Beere.

Flo. Sir, I thank you, Point me to your Lodge but.

Lear. The Brick you see. (*Flo.*) what hast done me? Sirrha,
Hast shutt mee into a kiln new furth.

Lear. Trewe, Madame, withall behold Learchus
Now stands Triumphant ouer you too. (*Flo.*) If
Thou hast beguiled mee, Learchus, I
Sewe thou wouldst release mee. (*Lear.*) Then beshrewe mee.

Flo. Speake once againe, I pray. (*Lear.*) Nay in sadnes nay.

Flo. Giue mee my finall doome. (*Lear.*) In good sooth Nay.

Flo. Floride, Ha, then a Plague, I see, was here
In store, for thee, layd long. (*Lear.*) Ha ha. (*Flo.*) for wast
Not this Learchus? whom I did that spite
To make him to stand to the chin so long
In yonder Fount? wast not this Learchus?
Whose Loue I spurned with that hate? yes. Then.
Sweet Learchus, by that Loue thou thou hast borne mee,
By all thy Prayers, by all thy Seruices,

By all thy vowes, I adiure thee by all
Thou wouldest but forgiue and pitie mee.

Lear. No, in Sooth, I say. (*Flo*) And why? *Learchus.*

Lear. Florida, since thou hadst that Hearte to make
Mee stand so long in wet as with the same
Behold my Sinewes yet be shrunk and numb
And hadst that Hearte to guerdon mee with the
Extremity of a Schornfull dealing
I see no reason why but that thou mayst,
Floride, suffer awhile that mod'rate Kiln
To purifye your carrian corps of filth
And of th' ordure with which it is infect.

Flo. I haue beene too vnthankfull I confesse,
To guerdon thy seruices, and thy meritt,
And all thy golden dewtyes with that Scoff,
But, Ha, *Learchus*, Know the Gods forgiue,
As they see cause and Tyme requiring it,
The wayd offences of a Pœnitent,
Then thou, that resemblest them so in shape,
vpon th' Aboundant streams of these watry Founts
shewe some remorse to an afflicted Mayde.

Lear. If wealth were brought to counteruayle the Sand,
If all that Gold that euer Sea conteynd
Were spewd by force of waues into my bosome,
I would not yet release or pitie you.

Flo. Is there no hope of my releasement? say,
But lyke vnto a Lembick drop by drop
Shall I consume to Hyle, within this Kiln?

Lear. Madame, no Remedy, therefore content you.

Flo. yet allowe mee one drop to coole my Tounge.

Lear. The Fount long since by mee is drunk and gone.

Flo. Villaine, Rascall, Rogue, Theife, Tyraunt, Butcher.

Lear. Tis not whot but that you may endure it,
Then with thy clamour make not you it whotter,
For as I see by Tenour of thy Tounge

There is no coale so whot as a woman's wrong.

Flo. O woefull doome to silly mee thrown down.

Lear. So I leaue thee in thy propper kind
A faire example for all womankind.

Flo. Florida, since there is no Remedy
and Set greife to Hearte, dispaire, lay down to dye.

ACT IV SCEN 3.

THE DIRECTION.

*Picus in Saphoes attyre, and in Skin other lyknes ouer his face,
sowing in a Samplar, soft singing to herself Sir Philips Song
(*The Time hath beene etcæt) to the tune of Green sleeues,
being but a by-song to this Pastorall, sayd as followes.*

* Inspice
Principium
voluminis
folio ibidem
vacante.†

† From the leaf referred to in the Margin.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEIS SONG.

*The Tyme hath beene that a Taudry lace
Or a Bonnet for my Ladyes grace.
A Ring of a Rish or Needles case
Would make any Lady to loue mee,
But now the world is grown so ritch,
They will haue it be it ne'er so mich,
Yet by your leaue they will keepe no tich,
The which doth not a little moue mee,*

Fye vpon honestie Fye.

Your heade is full of Jelouzie.

There is no fault in my Lady

For to suspect the contrarye.

PHILIP SYDNEYE KNIGHT.

Picus alone.

Pic. It was a Tyme when gallant Caualleeres
 To please their Dames abandond Speare and sheild
 And tooke the Rayle and Rocke, But now's the Tyme
 Faeryes of former dayes Symplicity
 Must doff their kind and habit to be auengd
 On a Faeryes Treachery; Hercules
 Tooke Needle to sowe in his Ladyes Samplar,
 Picus I, to pricke my Dame a Leçon,
 Joue Dians shape to obtayne a Goddesse, I
 A womans to beguile a woman. Now,
 Mistris Camilla, looke vnto your self,
 I haue besome, faith, in brine to breetch you with,
 But what? He that enuironeth a Praye
 Must waite his Tyme and catch it when he may.
 Then be thou ready, Picus, with thy wyles,
 Thy cases, thy vizards and deuices
 This foreintended Comædy to Act
 Now on the stage of her vntowardnes.
 It was a Fashion among the Romanes
 To celebrate the Holiday of Risus
 (When eury Hed did grin and shew the Teeth)
 With some Ridiculous and notorious Jeast,
 Now then if Risus be a God as well
 I do account him, I will so Polish
 His spleene with the Fyle of a Jeast, that from
 God Laughter I will make him to become
 God Rupture, For as a Pickle of Mirth

Applyde on some will cause men gently laugh,
 So the same practised vpon an Elf
 Will force them burst their bounds which Bounds
 Once burst a Rupture must ensewe. But what?
 Least lyke an vnskilfull Preacher that drawes
 His Prayer longer then he does his Sermon,
 I wrest my Prologue longer then my Playe,
 Since lusty gallants I am alone here
 In silent groues with which there euer is
 Such Joint affinity with Harmonye
 I'll giue you my voice yet ere Play begin.

THE FIFTH SONG.

1.

*Wee haue found a Witch down the Leye,
 Not Fowle, Fish, nor Quadrupede either
 Whom Judge wee by her Discordry.
 Three in one deuiding together.*

2.

*Has a face of the womankind,
 Breast lyke to feathers of a Rauē,
 In Tayle she is a Fish behind,
 Rightly wee may call her a Crauen.*

3.

*Now againe what shall wee deuise?
 Wee bring this mishapt Monster vnder,
 What comprise? she vs not despise,
 Wee make one these Parts to a wonder.*

4.

*Bring Candle, water, Booke and Bell
Wee adiure the infernall Polle,
Wee will ley the damb Soule of Hell
Ere night make her one in a hole.*

ACT IV SCEN 4.

CAMILLA PICUS.

Cam. Pastorall, God speede, this the way? I pray,
Vnto the Keepers Lodge? (*Pic.*) Madame the way.

Cam. I haue seene thee oft, yet wel know not how
To tearme thee by thy name. (*Pic.*) Sapho, Madame,
Vpon the Report of your high desert
On any tyme is ready consecrate
Her self and seruice to your sole behest.

Cam. Not her, I troe, that keepes Sir Davids sheepe.

Pic. Faire Madame, her that keepes Sir Davids sheepe.

Cam. Trust mee a goodly Flock, and not vnlyke
Either in shape, or brightnes of their woole
Vnto their Keeper. But prithy Shephardesse
Set mee in my way, And for thy paine
I will reward thee to thyne own content.

Pic. Madame, if you would but vouchsafe to grace
Our homely Tenement with the August
Presence of your Maiesty to my poore
Hability you should be entertayned
With a small collation before you went.

Cam. Wee thank thee, Sapho, wee be bound to thee.
But leade the way, after this weary Toyle
I haue neede of much refreshment by my Faith.

Pic. Enter in there, I will follow you (*Cam.*) Foth.

* Went
sowing still
as he spake.

Pic. Does not the sent of the Parlour lyke you?*

Cam. Sapho, what strang Indignity is this?
Thou hast offerd to our Person (*Pic.*) What does
Your honoured Ladship ayle? I prey.

Cam. Behold thou hast include mee in a Cott
Tapistred with Cats and Fowens. (*Pic.*) Sweet Faerye,
Did you think it possible? Play your prank
On a Faery of lyke Skill and Power,
Then in full Triumphe voyd of ill to passe
Discharged of the lyke? (*Cam.*) why? good woman,
Euer did I thee Injury thou shouldst
Abuse mee in this sort? say, what art thou?
Or whats the cause thou shouldst cast so foule a
Reproch into my Teeth? (*Pic.*) Picus forsooth.

Cam. Picus turnd to Sapho! Hoa. (*Pic.*) I, I wisse.

Cam. Picus! o Gods omnipotent, who would
Haue euer thought Picus the gemme of Elues,
Picus the Flower of Elues t' haue gone about
T' inuite his Camilla to such a Feast?

Pic. If the Musk agree not with your nose, Madame,
I may not doe, yet this I will be sworne
Tis the best and sweetest my Cats may forde mee.

Cam. But tell me, Picus, I prithy, is there
No hope of my release? Good Picus, say.

Pic. No in right Sooth, Madame. (*Cam.*) Then by that dart.

Pic. The point of it is broken. (*Cam.*) That struck thee.

Pic. Say your mind. (*Cam.*) Thou wouldst now at last remitt

Mee this Pestiferous Hell. (*Pic.*) Would you loue mee then

Cam. Yea double my Loue, Lord Picus, I would.

Pic. Ha ha. (*Cam.*) Why laugh you, Sweet. (*Pic.*) if you had sayn

You would haue forgone half I would haue easd you,

But being you'll double it as you say

Which is ominous vnto mee as Hell

There I wish you abide to smother it.

Cam. Yet, loe, for all this Iniury thou hast
Inflict on mee how deiect a Suppliaunt

I do in eury point become vnto thee

The dire Executioner of my woe.

Pic. Rayle and you will, who letteth you? I pray.

Cam. Wilt not release mee? good Picus, say.

Pic. Sooner shall Horse forrage in liquid Aire,
Sooner Fish destitute their Spawn on Trees,
Then that I do release or pitie you.

Cam. Is this your finall Resolution? Ha.

Pic. I, For such the trewe common saying goes,
Such as you bake such lykwise you must brewe.
So, loe, I leaue you to your self alone,

To warble, daunce, Pipe, wayle, groane or moane.

Cam. O ruthles Tyraunt of silly mee forgone.

Pic. I, doe, curse, ban, exclaime and shame thy self.

Cam. Vnto the Gods I yeild my quick Release.

ACT IV SCEN 5.

* She held a
Breife in
her hand.

* FANCIA HIPPOLON *in a Batchlour Habit And cornerd Cap, in
lyknes of Sir Dauid.*

Fan. Doe you assure mee? M^r Schoolemaster,
This charme thrise repeated ouer will bring
By vertue of his operous force, The
Hunter Sylius in compasse of my will?

Hipp. Madame, I say not soe vnles you doe
Obserue such circumstances as I shall
Præscribe vnto you as Things requisite
And fitting in the case. (*Fan.*) Master, your rule?

Hipp. First you must repeate the spell three tymes,
Then whistle, once, betweene, and then repeate
As oft, Then whistle long, and then repeate,
So Incessauntly till the Sun be down,
Eftsoones by a Scroll let into your lap,
Of woundrous Force and Operation,
Madame, you shall be instruct what to doe.

Fan. All this I can and will Perfourme, Sir Dauid.

Hipp. I had forgot, this must be done looking
Steddily against the Sun, For if neuer
So little you clin th' eye the charme will breake,
And you in same order you were before.

Fan. Prithy, Dauid, giue it its Tyme once more.

Hipp. Bat Bat beare away,
If thou hearst this way,

Come by myne eare away

And for thy here away

Take a peice of toasted cheese. Wheu.*

* He
whisteld.

Fan. Now I shall carry it sure. (*Hipp.*) Good Madame,
Be carefull in the circumstance, For then
I warrant you the successe. (*Fan.*) Fear thou not.

Hipp. So leauing your Ladiship to the deede
I wish your honour suddenly to speede.

Fan. Master, if any way I may thee steede
I'll be prest to further thee in thy neede.

Hipp. Why, I do thank your good Honour for it.

Fan. Mighty Jupiter, if it be thy will
Grace my attempt and graunt mee Syluius will.
Syluius is wise, Syluius is Trim,
Syluius a Lord, Syluius a King,
Syluius is Rich, Syluius is strong,
Syluius is straite, Syluius is long,
Syluius can Run, Syluius can Ring,
Syluius can leape, Syluius can fling,
Syluius does shoote, Syluius does Swim,
Syluius *will* daunce, Syluius *will* sing,
Syluius, in humaine shape, but one,
And yet all these is Syluius alone.

Here she
layd her
self along
on the bank
pillow to
her hed.

can can

Then, Fancia, compose thee on the Sorrell,
And call thou lowd on Syluius in thy spell.*
Sun's down and loe the Scrolle within thy lap.

* Here she
executed|
the Spell
that was in-
ioined her.
Bat Bat
etcæt.

THE DIRECTION.

She had no sooner executed the whole præcept many tymes as might suffice, but a Scrolle fell into her lap from aboue, which was this

Fan. [reades.] Syluius remayneth in that Brick you see, and in that Cott there is a banquet to entertayne him, Quickly hie, and looke for the Keyes behind that Oake.

Fan. Excellent, I will euen Presently take the Keyes, and see.

* No kisse
here nei-
ther Dauid
his Bum.
Vide vt
infra.

Villaine.*

ACT IV SCEN 6.

FLORIDA FANCIA.

Flo. Callst mee villaine?

Fan. No, But I prithy, who hath sublimated thee into a Cherubin, so?

Flo. Thou? who hath transformed thee into an howlet? woman.

Fan. With looking on the Sun, I am.

Flo. Ist an Eclipse?

Fan. In myne eyes it is.

Flo. Prithy, How?

Fan. Looking for Syluius in the Sun, Dauid told mee I should find him in that kiln you see, And that there was a Banquit in that Cott to entertayne him, when Mistaking thee for Sir Dauid his bare Buttocks I called thee villaine for him.

Dauids
dilue.

Flo. I smell a Catt, Foh.

Fan. So do I, Florida.

Flo. If Camilla be not shutt into that Catt-cotte, I will weare the Cats about my neck for Pomanders, Fancia.

Fan. I will tearme the whole Pack a Base of Three pyld Villanie, Florida.

Flo. Goe wee see. Come.

Fan. Agreed. Whoope, Camilla!

Flo. I told you so.

Fan. Where hast beene Rufflin? Sirrha.

ACT IV SCENE 7:

CAMILLA FANCIA FLORIDA.

Cam. Who has play'd the Laundresse with your eyes you?

Flo. Come, Come, Part of the banquit, Camilla.

Cam. Lyck you the dishes, for I haue surfetted.

Fan. Who was graund Master of the Feast? say you.

Cam. Picus was.

Flo. Couldst not beware of one that was Pikt? Foole.

Cam. For he came to mee in Saphoes woollen Symplicity.

Flo. Learchus to mee in Christophell fooles vizard.

Fan. Hippolon to mee in Daudid Knaues long gown, Now I concieue him right and trewe.

Cam. O villainous Race of Masculines.

Flo. Wee haue playd them as good. Therefore, come, come, now lets mock at them.

Fan. Agreed.

Flo. I warrant, when Learchus was in the well he daunct there the Canaria with his heeles, Fancia.

Fan. So diddest thou when he bated thee in that kiln. Florida.

Cam. I wonder the Bees found honey in Picus he being a man so replete with Filth.

Flo. Possible, lyke to a Theife, when a Man carryes no money about him the Bees coursd him for very spite.

Fan. Neuer Hackney hath beene so coursd as my Hackney hath beene.

Flo. Hauing so many Hornes about his eares he could not then but gallop the Post sure.

Fan. Other haue run, I set furth my eyes.

Cam. Where dropt they? say.

Fan. Why ask you?

Cam. For there is no better orient to be found.

Fan. Sister, can you spare one ounce of your Musk?

Cam. A shop full, Mary.

Fan. Ist Right Amber?

Cam. Best my Catts may yeild mee.

Fan. Thanks, Sister, Long shall fetch it.

Flo. What's to be done now? Sisters Three.

Cam. Swallowe wee the drench, then turne wee home Three, to my Lady, like Michers three to see, sey wee.

Fan. If wee bring her not in our dayes account before it be night, wee, shall stand Three before her lyke vnto that Foxe that once lost her Tayle.

Flo. With Lawe or outlay rush wee on the Deere, Sisters.

Cam. Agreed, I do feare a Leash as a collyars Mare a whip.

Fan. Hie wee all least wee kick the heeles all. Come.

*ACT IV SCEN 8.

LEARCHUS PICUS HIPPOLON.

* They
enterd at
seuerall
doores
Learchus
at the
Midde
doore.

Lear. Hippolon and Picus, well mett you be.

Say, how went your Plotts to day ? saye o saye.

Pic. Luckily myne as I could wish, my Lord.

Hipp. Myne, with Pace, as sure as Trot, I troe.

Lear. But come, say you both, I beseech you, how ?

Pic. By a sleight and queint device I gat my Dame
Into a stinking Cott where she bewayld
Most clamourously her afflicted Throwe.

Lear. But letst her furth on that complaint ? Sirrha,

Pic. First did I wish her handg, I vowe. But thou ?

Lear. Neuer Beare so daunced the Canarye
As I made myne to daunce it in that Kiln

Hipp. I made myne so to looke against the Sun,
I am right sure she neuer will hencefurth
Looke on him more. (*Pic.*) But was she not Backward
To beleeeue thee so ? (*Hipp.*) No verily No.

Lear. Why ? I pray you, why ? (*Hipp.*) She was wood
for one

Calld Syluius. (*Pic.*) That curmugeon of our woods ?

Hipp. The same, The same, I do assure you trewe.

Lear. Good subiect hadst to work on, Hippolon.

Hipp. So persuaded I am. But how now thou ?

Lear. By that the Lawe of *Lex Talionis* sure,
For as I lookt wan by water myself,

So she for one draught too of Cold water
Endurde high burning of the face for same.

Pic. My sweet hearte I am sure is perfumed
Against her Marriage day most sweetly.

Hipp. Myne may leade the Blindman's Curranto
At her wedding day too, Ha ha. (*Pic.*) Ha ha.

Lear. Ha ha. nay nay they be Three am assurde
Layd vp in Lauender against that day.

But come, Lets now waite on Orion all,

Who by this is with Hypsiphyle on

Conclusion for this dayes sport. (*Pic.*) If wee

Linger neuer so little wee shall tast

The leash sure. (*Lear.*) Then come away strait, I say.

Pic. And obserue wee how the whoores will looke vs

In the face to day. (*Hipp.*) yes by my Troth lets

Come. (*Lear.*) O come away, Hoa. (*Both*) wee come wee
come.

ACT IV SCEN 9.

*He Mett
them

*DAUID ATYS HYLAS CHRISTOPHEL SAPHO.

Dau. Thou Garbidge of Babylon.

Hyl. Or Guardbag of the Bubell.

Dau. Hast beene ruffling with Ruffins? Say.

Saph. No, *Sir.* (*Christ.*) Hooke off I pray you.

Dau. I will leaue thee bare as my Bum.

At. You haue bared hers, I suppose.

Dau. How camst furth my verge? Ha.

Saph. I was forced away.

Dau. No force.

Hyl. No force yet vpon her, Sir Dauid.

Dau. Seest not lyke an Apothecary I carry life and Death along with mee? Ha.

Saph. Life, my Belly may witnes, See.

Hyl. Furth with thy Suppositorye and giue her A Purge At.
strait.

Dau. Suppose I doe, what's the sequence thereof?

Hyl. You would but emancipate your spleene for an ex case, At.
loe.

Dau. Cypher mee but down the summe of him now. Come.

Hyl. Sir, thus. As wee walked along yonder Hedge you see, At.
wee all fled, all vs I may well say, From a Beast, I will be
sworne, The Lord God of Heauen neuer created.

Dau. Hath there beene a Flood of late? Say.

Christ. Of which of the Floods speaketh he, may it be sup-
pos'd, Troe,

Dau. If there hath beene a Flood it is a Monster, if not any,
it may well stand for a Miracle.

At. Truly Goodman Flud had but newe shorne his close Hyl.
before wee come thither.

Christ. Oh ho.

Dau. *Quid mihi cum homine?* Hath there beene a Flood, a
Deludge, a Cataract, or Cataclysm? say I beseech you?

At. Jupiter threatened vs Three Tymes to teeme his whole
Pis-pot vpon vs.

Dau. Belyke, he supposd you Fiddlers.

Christ. Joes Egles snappeth not at Flies I am persuaded.

At. If he had wee would haue made Heauen whot for him
and for his Egle.

Christ. So did the Gyaunts, and he made the Earth whot for
them.

Hyl. Pray, Mr Schoole-master, resoluē vs our Probleme.

Dau. *Demonstrata autem.*

Hyl. What is Jupiter's pisse off?

Dau. Of Balme I suppose him to be.

Christ. Would I had of it for the Kybes.

Dau. Tis the dewe of the welkin.

Hyl. Why I pray you drinking Nectar voydeth he but such
thin geare then?

Dau. *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.*

Hyl. Sir, I thank you.

Dau. Wee haue bated long in this Diuerticle, Goe wee now
therefore to the Shambles, all wee I say, wee may there displaye
the Anathomy of this creature you talk.

At. The Foote of an Egle, the Back of a Beare, the Belly of
an Ounce, A neck of nothing, and the head of a Scullian, with
an Appendix of hornes, directly butting from him, furth fro.

Dau. Jupiter burst thou not open the Bulk of my Patience.

Hyl. Sir Priscian? what ayle you?

Dau. Knowledge and Ignorance be at buffets in my brayne
concerning the Abiect, See.

At. Hereupon your Judgement. I pray, Sir.

Dau. Shewe mee but his hole.

At. There.

Hyl. Loe, he now peepeth furth to you also.

ACT IV SCEN 10.

SALOMON ATYS HYLAS SAPHO CHRISTOPHEL DAVID.

Sal. Kelowe.

Dau. He is nothing, An Idole, A Chimæra, Chimæra.

Sal. Kelowe.

At. Why not Scoggins Beast as well?

Dau. Difference is, The one sheweth the hed, the other shewed his Tayle.

Christ. I beleue he be *Siccius Dentatus* his ghost, he so grinneth on vs, loe.

Sal. Kelowe.*

*Here he
retyrd.

Dau. I haue a charme will fetch him; I will but into the Sexton for Bell and for Holy-water and come to you Incontinentlye

Hyl. John of the Towns-end being asked what was his opinion of a dewe worme he sayd he was a Thing, And M^r Schoolmaster that is learned being demaunded his of no Abiect Animall by the Rood, he affirmeth him to be No Thing.

At. I say he is above a Thing, For he is compact of many Things.

Christ. I wonder whither there be Faeryes?

At. A Butcher looked about for a knife he held in his Mouth, And he a Faery himself enquireth whither there be any. Buze.

Saph. For to assure you there be Faeryes I will tell you what I did myself Gentlemen.

Christ. Repeate now.

Saph. Vpon a Tyme in lykenes of a Flye I fell into an old

womans cherne, where with the Mylk so long I did piddle,
where with the creame so long I did Fiddle, that the wise
women of the Parish being brought thither to vncharme him by
their spells, For all the Buttoning of their Buttocks they could
not bring him to Butter all.

Christ. A Syllabub it was I warrant before thou left it,
Sapho.

Saph. Hardst euer a flye to pisse? Asse.

Christ. T' haue gone to stoole I haue.

At. Now will you heare what I did?

Christ. With our heartes bvote. Atys.

Bakers

At. Once on a S^t Clement's night I fell into a *Barbers* Bolle
in forme of a Crab, where so long I bobd against the Mouth of
him betweene wind and water, that in spite of his Nose to the
pleasure of the whole companye of beholders there, he went to
bed sober as he sat down.

Hyl. Meane while thou soakest in the whole liquour, Atys.

At. I, and it soaked mee into my own Airie shape again too.

Hyl. Now for mee, Sir, I pray you.

Christ. Say, wee do heare.

Hyl. I crept, on a tyme, betweene a Gentlewomans legges in
her sleepe, in lyknes of a Flea, she supposing it had beene a
lowse caught mee betweene superficies of her finger and
Thumb, when as I by reason of that small corpulence I then
possessed, slipping furth her nayles kept such a Tickling in her
concauitye the whiles, she ran lyke a mad Cowe about chamber
all that night, till being broade day (As Faeryes shun the morn-
ing starr) I then lept Right from furth her, So vanisht into myne
own Airie shape againe too.

Christ. Why diddest not thou then get her with child?
Sirrha Boye.

Hyl. If I had then gotten her with child, being then far lesse
then I am now myself, I might so haue engendred on her a
Thing called Just, Good or little as Nothing.

Christ. Oh ho.

At. Prithy, Brown Sapho, why being so long in the cherne
forgattest thou to wash thy face there.

Saph. Atys, the Gods Metamorphose, not I.

At. I will be my witnes since the Tyme the Goddesse Mother
cut away my stones.

Hyl. I, since the tyme they new christend mee in a bucket of
water, I suppose.

Christ. What's to be done now? the Schoole-master is falln a
sleepe, I suppose him trewe.

Hyl. Into some dike, I beleeeue.

At. I think he be berayd.

Saph. Goe wee gather the Nutts he hath botterd, If wee
find him, so, if not, there be many moe.

Hyl. *Quod sub intelligitur non deest.* Come.

Christ. Yet come your wayes, Let vs but eate one messe of
creame, after come furth seeke him, where wee lost him, Faith.

At. With our whole heartes, M^r Christophel.

Hyl. First a Song, wee all do beseech you, Sir.

THE FAERY PASTORALL,

THE SIXTH SONG.

1.

*Right Pepper is black, ---
 And hath a good smack
 For any Mouth that's deintye
 Which if she doe lack
 I know it will crack
 The fairest mayde of twentye*

2.

*Come on then my Shrowe,
 As black as a Crowe,
 Now Kisse mee one full million
 Then for the last throwe
 I'll shewe thee a blowe
 Shall call lowd for the Pillion*

3.

*To carrye thee hence,
 Then folicke, deare wench
 And get thee on thy safegarde,
 For I will not flinch
 From of this lowe Binch
 Till I get thee in safe Guade.*

4.

*I will so beslauer
 Thy sweetest black fauour
 That all this Church shall ring
 In joye of I haue her
 With all their life labour
 Now all lets daunce and fling.*

Here they knockt vp the Consort.

ACT V. SCEN I.

THE DIRECTION.

ORION *with a Hare bound by the hind-legges to his Hunt-speare,* HYPHIPHYLE *with hed of a Hart in one hand and her Hunt-speare in the other.* Chorus of Huntsmen and Huntswomen. *They mett on either syde. Orion speakes as followes.*

ORION HYPHIPHYLE CHORUS.

Or. LADY HYPHIPHYLE, now wee shall see
Whither hath obserued the better lawe
In taking, as in promoting his game,
By consequence whither the more noble sport,
Say, what's your game? (*Hyp.*) A Hart, my Lord, and yours?

Or. A Hare. (*Hyp.*) Then, Lord Orion, since that so
Your honour is the challenger, propound
Your oppositions, And if I do not
Confute them, and with stronger vigour too,
Neuer while Eluida is Eluida
Let I slip Dog more. (*Or.*) Lady, you be too
Confident, For I must tell you there falls
Many a chaunce betweene the Cup and lip,
To shewe you which, I begin to you thus.
Before I start a Hare, So ho, I crye
About his Fourme to giue him warne thereby.

Hyp. Neuer I vnlodgd Hart but Three tymes Furst
I whisteld about him before he rusht.

Or. When Hares be start I get not then start
When you lay Dogs in vauntlay for the Hart.

Hyp. Albee you get not of the Hare the start
Yet you will murder him before he part.

Or. To compasse in a Hart when he's at Bea
What call you it? Ist not Murder Praye?

Hyp. Better with sword and Dog wee pull him down,
Then with his ragged Bill he goare my Hound.

Or. Wee onely hunt a Hare with single sleight,
And you a Hart with hound and feathery Flight.

Hyp. The fleeting shaft may wander well as hit,
So no wrong wee offer in the vse of it.

Or. But doe not you? Bring him to a stand,
After ayme vpon him yshrowd in stand?

Hyp. But do not you? The Hind legges longer than the
first

Cause Hares a val a Mount their necks to burst?

Or. Tumbleth faster than the Dogs can run,
In so doing I hope the Hare hath wun.

Hyp. When Harts in Hed all other Beasts do passe,
Euer a Hare is hedded lyke an Asse.

Or. When Matter faileth fall you to your Trick?
Noble Lady, haue at you with the lyke.

A Hart not onely beares a Cuckolds note,
But also weares to boote a forlornes coate.

Hyp. Witches in shapes of Hares haue oft beene seene,
But neuer in trewe Hearte haue witches beene.

Or. Albee in Hart a witch hath neuer beene
Vnder Hornes yet hath the Diuell beene seene.

Hyp. Th' Harts a Gentleman by his veluet Crown
When Hares by hairie Cap present the Clown.

Or. Though Harts weare veluet yet it shewes I wisse
But Thred-bare Gallants by its Mouldines.

Hyp. A Hare is sayd to change from sexe to sexe
And Boundaunt Births in Nature be defects.

Or. A Hare and breedes and Knots and brings at once
And store's no sore as doe the wise pronounce.

Hyp. I neuer sawe a Hare but Melancholy
And Melancholy notes Timidity.

Or. And the Hart Horne-madde, of which in Proof
You may decerne a Diuell by his hoofe.

Hyp. The Diuell hath too, they say, beene seene in Hare.
As may appeare sometime in goatish Haire.

Or. Though in goatish haire the Diuells appeare,
Yet that in a Hare too, you may forbear.

Hyp. What will you say? If I do proue, my Lord,
Hares be not to be eaten by the Woord.

Or. What will you say? If I do plaine declare,
You be a Jewe, that will not eate a Hare?

Hyp. I will not answere your Sophist Argument.

Or. You will not answere my Sophist Argument?

Hyp. In faith, Sir, no, you may be well content.

Or. Then you will graunt I haue wun the game of you?

Hyp. You may, But deeply withall from hence vowe
Neuer to set Foote in this Chace with you.

Or. Yet tarry the while, that's the short and long,
You may carry with you the wyne along.
Faeryes, you must put in your Counters too.

Cho. Wee haue, my Lord. (*Or.*) I thank you now. (*Hyp.*)
Farewell

My Lord. (*Or.*) Nay, Albeit by th' Dye I haue wun,
 Thou shalt find yet that noble Orion
 Was neuer but honourable, eake stayd
 In either Fortune, Retyre wee Two both
 To our seuerall Courts, there for to prouide,
 Hypsiphyle, For our Celebrations,
 So to consumate our Bridall here soone,
 And come you all prouide for this Triumphe.

Hyp. So doe, For in each respect doth Deserue it.

ACT V SCEN 2.

CHRISTOPHEL ATYS HYLAS SAPHO.

Christ. Since wee can not find the Schoolemaster, how shall
 wee now driue the tyme all till he come? Say, my deare Gen-
 tlemen, Saye.

At. Wee will seeke for Caddowes in thy nose, Christophel
 our.

Christ. Piddle on mee, I will hamper you as Hercules once
 hamperd the Pigmies, Boyes.

At. How was that? Saye.

Christ. I will stone you Two betweene my Two nayles, Atys
 and Hylas myne.

At. Dost take mee for a lowse? Christophel.

Chrst. For a Nit, Atys, I doe.

At. But what's to be done? say.

Hyl. Wee will barrill this Tun against next Rogation,
 Masters.

At. Rather let vs set some Fowen Trap for the Pedaunt.

Hyl. He stinketh sufficiently.

Saph. On my conscience he does.

At. Wey, you Atheist.

Hyl. Thou'rt a Nod Fellowe, Christophel.

Christ. I know it too well. But Patience, For loe here he comes.

ACT V SCEN 3.

THE DIRECTION.

David came furth with holy water sprinkle in one hand and Bell greate, deepe and sounding in the other.

DAVID HYLAS ATYS CHRISTOPHEL SAPHO.

Dau. A Hall, Gentlemen, A Hall.

At. Where hast so long beene Bungling? saye, o thou Hard Hed, Saye.

Hyl. Sirrha, wee haue ransackt all and each Buzards Nest to find thee furth betweene this and obero.

Dau. What sayd the Parson, Sirs, when he fell in on the wench? Troe.

Saph. Vmph.

At. I know not.

Hyl. What? I prithy, Saye.

Dau. *Non potui breuius.*

Christ. But when Do you begin your Diuells Dirige? I pray you.

Dau. In a Sprinkle, say but you Clum at eury staues end, then let mee alone, myself Mump the Remynder.

Hyl. Loe now, he peepeth furth to you, see and behold.

Dau. A Schismatique he is, I do auowe it to you all, Sirs,
Come.

ACT V SCEN 4.

THE DIRECTION.

*Here they kneeld all on one leg, with their Heds in the Palmes of
their hands, The Schoole-master the whiles standing on his
legges, with Bell and holy water Sprinkle in his hand.*

SALOMON DAVID HYLAS ATYS CHRISTOPHEL SAPHO.

Sal. Kelowe.

Dau. Set, Masters, set. *Battare Cygnæus repetamus car-*

* The Bell. *mine voces.**

All. Clum.

Dau. You Gods of th' Earth and Deepe,
You hold, full well, in keepe,
Whither wee eate or sleepe
None does præserue his sheepe

* The Bell.

*Nisi Dominus.**

All. Clum.

Dau. Now Monster in thy celle,
Giue eare to what I tell,
Forsake the seate you dwell,
Albee the Diuell of Hell

* The Bell.

*Aedificauerit domum.**

All. Clum Clum.

Dau. Mammon and Orci Pater,
 Greate Masters of the weather,
 With Sprinkle of this feather,
 Loe thus I trye them whither

*In vanum laborauerunt.**

* The Bell.

All. Clum.

Dau. In name of Thundring Joue,
 And of his Quire aboue
 I charge them to remoue
 From furth this dusty Oue *

*Qui ædificant eam.**

* The Bell.

All. Clum Clum.

Sal. Kelowe.

Christ. He retyreth. Now the charme beginneth to worke,
 See.

Sal. Kelowe.

Dau. God and S^t Sepulchre to boote* Now loe you all, honest Gentlemen, *Et Nusquam est et Nullum est*, As I sayd First to you and before.

* Here he retyrde.

THE DIRECTION.

Be this the foresayd for Powles, For Actors see the Direction at later end of this Pastorall, which is separate by it self, Extra Olens, as they say.

Hyl. He hath proued him a chimæra or Idole indeed, la,
 For he hath turned him into No Thing Just.

Christ. This was right learnedly perfourmed of you, Mr Schoolemaster, by my Troth.

At. In recompense of the which* La you, Sir, wee will be-

* He tooke from behind the Arras a Peck of goodly Acornes pilled.

stowe on you a well mesurde Peck of our Faery comfits for to comfort your crasye stomach with them. See and behold.

Dau. I do willingly accept of the Benefit, For my dayes labour, I suppose, hath deserued the same.

Saph. Excellent as I haue seene.

Hyl. Mr Christophel, Can you shewe mee a deuice toward taming of a Squirrill? say.

Christ. Shewe mee but his Phisnomie.

At. He would haue you tame him, not take a coppie of him.

Christ. Pythagoras before he poured in his Helicon considered the face of his Boye.

At. By same reason you mind giue him a Purge.

Christ. Not amisse it would be.

Hyl. Loe, Sir.

Christ. A Pretie Animal he is, He is the First I haue seene in my dayes. Poake him, I pray you now.

Hyl. Sir, I thank you, heartily, for my learning.

Christ. Much good do it to you, Sir, lykwise.

At. How now, Mr Schoolemaster, in your Mementoes, Sir, what?

Hyl. Speake, I beseech you, what's it afflicts you?

At. Shake off these dumps and goe along with vs, Come.

Hyl. Your answere, I beseech you now, Come.

Dau. Gentlemen, I will but knock a Coney on the Hed and Come to you Incontinently.*

At. With the Pox to conduct you.

Hyl. And stable doore to be shut vpon you now.

Christ. Best of all. But come your wayes now; after our Sport let vs waite on our Masters all. Come.

Hyl. *Lupus est in Fabula*, Loe, yonder they come.

* He led
furth his
Trull here.

ACT V SCEN 5.

THE DIRECTION.

ORION *with a Letter reading*, HYPHSIPHYLE LEARCHUS PICUS
 HIPPOLON FLORIDA CAMILLA FANCIA ATYS HYLAS CHRISTO-
 PHEL, *The Six Huntsmen Men and Women bearing on either
 syde a Banquet of diuers and sundry sorts of Junkets in
 goodly Gold and Syluer Bolles, Syluius and Syluia on either
 syde of them with Two venice Mazers or standing Bolles of
 glasse, The one with a Fragrant Malmsey, the other with
 Spanish Sack. Orion and Hypsiphyle in their wedding orna-
 ments. Orion takes his Bride by the hand, then speakes as
 followes.*

Or. Come on, Noble Lady, of the whole Land
 Since now our Leige is gone, Come, Mount wee this
Campestrall old Chapell once built by Faeryes,
 There to combine, as long as I haue longed,
 Mutually our selues in one, So to hencefurth
 Aeternally confirme this league* And you
 Right worthy Raungers of these holy woods
 Bind you by your Assents this lasting knot,
 As I will sweare to maintaine vnto you
 Your Ancient lawes and rites, Loe, this is all.
 I haue to say to you now, So faire proceed
 You to our Installment, you faeryes all.

Come.

Forsaken
 Feild
 Fence.

* Here
 they seated
 themselues
 both.

THE DIRECTION.

*Here ATYS, the Princes hauing seated themselves, stepping
betweene the Two Chorus sayd the Apologie following with
one Accord of the rest to the Princes in manner and forme
following.*

THE APOLOGIE.

At. The mighty Rector of the Skies is sayne
Two coffers int' his Custody t' haue tayne ;
The one greife, woe and Sad Repentaunce locks,
Mirth, Glee, and Charis in the other boxe,
With the one he salues a good Kings distresse,
With th' other alayes Tyraunts Happines.
In th' one he wills vs t' hope for Clemency,
In th' other *bids vs* to dispaire and dye.
So wee, before wee yeild our utmost clause
Vnto the Vmpire of our Present cause,
Within these Bolles, as in Pandora'es Cup,
With lowly Heartes and breathed tunes giu'n vp
Present our Hopes and Feares, In that be stilld
The Females Pale Accounts, In this be drilld
(I weene in purest drops of Maluasyne
Th' Ambiguous Fortunes of our Masculine.
Now, our ground Leige, If done wee *shall* but right
Release our shoulders of the Leash this night.
Mel et Butyrum inde Comedes
Vt Scires Eligere BONUM et Effugere MALUM.
Long-liue, Orion now King of the Faeryes.

THE DIRECTION.

Here Syluius and Syluia, stepping vp the degrees, after had set the venice glasses or Mazers on either syde the Princes, The Sack by Hypsiphyle and the Malmeseye by Orion, Then holding the Imperiall Ghirlond, that hung ouer the Front of the Chapell, ouer both their heds, And then setting him alone on the heade of Orion, The whole Chorus of Huntsmen men and women Saluted his Maiesty all with one Accord as followes.

All. Long liue Orion now King of the Faeryes.

*THE SEAUENTH SONG.

*Musick to
the Song
here
knokct vp.

1.

*With Sollume oath and humble vowe
w' haue crownd his Highnes now
Let vs too in submissiue showe
Before his Presence bowe
Iò Iò let vs sing,
Vnto our now Faery King.*

2.

*Behold wee tender him our loue
With gifts such as wee may,
From Faery Swayne may not greate Joue
Expect a better Paye.
Iò Iò let vs sing
Vnto our now Faery King.*

3.

*Receiue of vs, most worthy King,
With self and that same signe*

(These simple Tokens that wee bring)

Wee bring them to thy shryne.

Iō Iō let us sing

Vnto our now Faery King.

Or. Now tell mee what be in your Bolles conteynd.

Lear. Such Junkets Faeryes afford wee haue brought
Small gifts to your Highnes. (*Or.*) Notwithstanding
I thank you and will be right ready doe
You any Turne I may, So set them down,
And remember what I do promise you.

Hyp. Mee thinks, my Lord, the Faeryes by their lookes
Haue farr prompter minds to God Cupids Bowe
Then to Latonides, For euer since,
My Lord, you began to mount these steps
They haue nought but glaunct th' one vpon the other.
Sauing that Respect they beare to your Presence.

Or. I did obserue it, Sweet, and would be glad
To see it so, For greate thereby would be
This League. Say, Ladyes, be you agreed? Hoa,
To yeild your selues in match vnto our Faeryes?

Flo. Shall I that gemme I pawnd to Delia
Yeilde vnto one? who with all the might he might
Sought to haue corrupted it by force of fume
To his bad vse? I can nor will now yeild.

Lear. Who can not the destinies withstand, No more
Can he withstand a womans will, Self will
Self haue. I care not one Point for peeuish
Floride. (*Hyp.*) What sayes Camilla to the Match?

Cam. If Infection comes from that that stinks, I
Say my Suitor stinks and will none of him.

Pic. A Jakes be vpon thee, Sweet Camilla.

Hipp. Fancia I hope will not be peruers
But will yeild to my suite. (*Fan.*) In faith, No, Sir,
You shall be serued with Salt and spoones yfecks.

Hyp. Is this yovr best Resolution? speake Mayde.

Fan. It is. (*Hyp.*) And yours? (*Cam.*) Yes verily. (*Hyp.*)

What sayes

Florida. (*Flo.*) Flatly, she will none of him.

Hyp. Why my deare gerles, if nothing will alaye
The Rigour of your spleenes, yet do you once
Say that the Queene of *Fays did entreate you.

* Spenser.

Or. And the King of the *Fays also, sweet Peices

* Spenser.

Flo. I saye your Graces both must Pardon mee.

Cam. And mee. (*Fan.*) Mee too. (*Or.*) Goe to, Peeuish
giglots

I will haue it so, Be it a Match, I say.

Hyp. And for incensd Hypsyphile her part,
My Maydes, Since so peruers you be, denie but
Once more, and ne're looke her in her face more.

Cam. Puu. (*Flo.*) A Hard Iniunction by my Troth, Madame. *Fan.*

Or. Résolue, Foolish Giglots, I bid you trewe.

Cam. Puu. (*Fan.*) Puu. (*Or.*) Then will none of you re-
solue? Ha.

Cam. Now woe-begone thou poore Camilla trew.

Fan. The direst hap that ere be fell mee too.

Or. Come, come, I say, or haue my wrath to boote.

Hyp. And myne also, my gerles without all doubt

Cam. Puu. (*Fan.*) Puu. (*Flo.*) who holds that will away,
they say

Force of such charmes will breake through Forts, I see,

Yet as furr as might may, Thus I do oppose them.

Sauing that Bathe I did applye vpon him

To purge him of his Manners, yet euer

I loud Learchus well. (*Lear.*) what may a Man

Haue but Reuenge on an Enemye?

Then off a Friend? I pardon Florida.*

* They
transcend-
ed each
after their
cupplets
to other.

Cam. Before thou wert a Begger, Picus, Now

Thou comst with Rubies, wel. It is a Match.

Pic. But dinner is defrayd to your cost, Dame.

Hipp. Fancia begins my charme but now to work?

Fan. Hippolon, of thy Toyle I long to ease thee.

Hyp. Did I not tell you it would be a Match?

Or. Madame you did, And now do clearely see,

That howeuer in Heartes curst you be

Yet women all will saye Nay and Hunt it.

Hyp. I, and you say I, And all way Burnt it.

Or. Nay and you howeuer you Account it.

But where is Christophel that Gallant

Wee haue not seene him in the Chase to day?

Christ. Here I am and shall lyke you. (*Or.*) Sirrha, you,

Say where wontst when thy Presence was required?

To bring the gazing Deere vnto the stands?

To blow their Death And to sewe the Hart?

To take the Guts and to reward the Hounds?

Loose the Numbles? And to breake vp the Deare?

Shewe mee your dayes Account, I reade you, Come.

Christ. There stand my Suretyes, and here is my Baile.*

Or. Loystering Lozell, this is a Tyme to spend now?
To Squirill Hunt with Children and with Pedaunts?
This that Practise th' hadst from thyne Infancie
In points of Game and Lawes of woodmanship!
I am ashamed it should be spoken,
Wherefore, Christophel, mark thou mee now well,
What I am to intimate vnto thee,
As lazilye thou hast loytered this day,
So shalt thou as lustily be leasht this night,
I sweare it by the hed of Delia.
And you, my Lords of Eluida, euen as
I find you haue ioind you in nuptiall Bands
So would I exhort vnity now too,
For so the vigor of your loues will be
A Bond vnto this golden future tyme,
Els lyke to a sheff of Arrowes self vnbound
All will fall to Mammocs, Record you this,
And say Orion once t' haue told you it.
Serue God, obey your Prince, preserue your Game.

Cho. This your sacred Leçon wee will Imprint sure.

Or. Roundly do you see you leash him first, For
This dayes Trespas soundly and roundly too.

At. It shall be done my Lord, effectually

Cho. All lawd and thankings to King Orion. *A Pawse.*

Or. Now, Faeryes, my good God night to you all.

Cho. Long liue Orion, And his worthy Bride.

Or. And good Fortune vnto all you betyde*

* Shewd
him the
Squirill
taken from
one the
Pages.

* Here they
shutt both
into the
Canopie
Fane or
Trophey
together
with the
banquet.

At. Come on your wayes, my most venereous and galland Sir.
Come on.

Christ. Goe but you on before wee will follow you, wee stay
but for companie to goe along with vs.

Hyl. Wee attend you.

A Pause.

Lear. Sweet wagges, conuert wee now all to the Gentlemen,
who too long haue expected vs I feare, And listen you to that I
shall now intimate to them concerning ourselves.

Flo. Well sayd, Learchus, Speake you to them in behalfe of
all, For the Gentlemen all be better pleasd with you then with
vs I troe.

Cam. Beshrowe my hearte but I belieue you, Florida.

Fan. But I will be sworne on a booke for them, Camilla.

Flo. My feare is, Fancia, that they will not be too well pleased
with the men neither.

Lear. Who so? sweet Florida.

Flo. Because they haue beene Three such sheepe as to haue
matcht them with vs being Three such shrewes.

Lear. Nay nay, wee haue a sure Remedy for that in our
Faery Institutions, Lambe.

Flo. What? good Learchus, say

Lear. A Diuorce from Bed and from Boarde, Sweet Mowse.

Cam. If there be any such lawe vpon the Fyle, I will not
forgoe Picus my Lord and my Joye for better nor for worse I
vowe. Puu.

Pic. I do not thank thee though for that thy late vnkindnes
toward mee, sweet Camilla.

Cam. With this strick kisse, see; I do make thee now amends
for it, Deare Picus.

Fan. Nor I in good sadnes la, find I my Horse neuer so restif.

Hipp. A bargaine is a bargaine they say, so let it rest.

Lear. What sayes kind Florida to the Match?

Flo. Hum Hum.

Lear. Nay then I see what will become of you before night too by your Humming. But, sweet wagge, interrupt mee no more, I may make now an end with the Gentlemen who do expect vs, loe.

Flo. Speake, you woodcock.

Lear. Thus I begin my suite then. Heark and listen all.

Chorus.

LEARCHUS ATYS CHRISTOPHEL.

Lear. How to begin a work none knowes but he
That hopes how t'end it, For as in Action
The end is last, So in th' Intention
Tis euer first, our Ends wee know, Hope first,
Next Largesse of your hands, If that wee gaine
It serues a Sennet to our Scene, If this
A glorious crown of Palmes, But o, the while,
Our Merits be too weake, and greife for them
In Spines doth growe, what els, The Tooth of Black-
Mouthd Spite destroyes, Then since our Luck is such
Wee crouch you all by th' old Accustomd spell
That Hand but speake that Loues orion well.

At. Come come Bandog of Molossus, come along, Hoa.

Christ. *I, præ, sequar.*

THE DIRECTION.

*There was no shewing here of the knawe forward, But they
went on before and he followed after.*

FINIS 1603 *Wolues Hill my Parnassus.*

AN ALTERATION.

Thus for Some or For Powles whither the better.

ACT V SCEN 4.

Christ. Quu ————— Now beginneth the charme to work, see.

Dau. A whist, Gentlemen, a whist, And God and S^t Sepulcher to boote.

THE DIRECTION.

He crept into the Hole mentioned in the former Properties, vide locum, and a Fowen Trap from within was hearde falln vpon him.

Dau. Helpe, Gentlemen, helpe.

At. What ayles your worship? saye.

Dau. I am faln in the Armes of a —

At. Beauteous Hamadryade?

Dau. Villanous Fowen Trap.

At. There sweetly rest, I beseech.

Dau. Lend mee but an arme, SIRRHA, Ha me out strait.

At. Alas, Sir, you know wee be bidden furth all to Orion his wedding, which if wee should but now neglect wee be lyke thereby loose our Parts of the Pudding all.

Dau. Will you not helpe mee? Gallants.

At. Heark Heark now The shawmes call away to the Feast.

Dau. Sapho, you whoore.

Hyl. All that wee may doe for you is but to sing you your Apologie and that you shall haue with our Heartes.

Dau. When begin you it.

At. Now, Sir.

Dau. Say on, I beseech you.

Hyl. At. Behold, Gentlemen all, this filthy Brock
Now has stucken his iolt hed on the Crock,
Come Gods, vulcan, Juno, Neptunus, veste,
Spet you all at once on this stinking Beast.

Dau. Your Apologie hath hitted mee right.

Hyl. At. So, Master Daud, God giue you god night.

Dau. Excellent, as I haue seene.

Saph. Or I, in good Sooth.

Hyl. M^r Christophel, can you shewe mee a deuice toward taming a Squirill?

Christ. Shewe mee but his Phisnomie.

At. He would haue you tame him, not take a coppie of him.

Christ. Pythagoras, before he poured in his Helicon consy-
dered the face of his boye.

At. By same reason you mind giue him a Purge.

Christ. Not amisse it would be.

Hyl. Loe, Sir.

Christ. A Terrible Animal he is, He is the first I haue seene
in my dayes. Poake him I pray you now, and conueye him
hence strait.

Hyl. This was Juditially foreseene of you by my Troth, For
a furred Jacket is a Perillous Beast wee all do find, wee all do
find, wee all do assure you, M^r Christophel.

At. In recompense of the which* wee will bestowe on you a

* He took
from be-
hind the
Arras a
peck of
goodly
Acornes
pill'd.

well measurde Peck of our Faery comfits to comfort your laborious stomach with them.

Christ. I do accept of the Benefite, For I suppose my dayes labour hath deserued no lesse. * * * * * But come away now, after our sport let vs waite on our Masters all.

Christ. *Lupus est in Fabula*, Loe yonder they come *etcæt.*

ACT V SCEN 5.

Or. Qu ——— Is this a Tyme
To Squirill-hunt with Harlots and with Pages *etcæt.*
Vide locum.

Againe.

Or. Qu ——— For
This dayes Trespas, him and his whoore too *etcæt.*
Vide Locum.

Againe.

At. Qu ——— Come on your wayes
My most venereous and gallant Sirs, Come *etcæt.*

Chorus.

Lear. Quu ——— Loues Orion well.

At. Come come Bandogs of Molossus come along, Hoa.

Christ. Itē, Præ, Sequemur.

Whither's the whither you may chuse the Better.

LONDON :
FROM THE *Shakspeare Press*, BY
WILLIAM NICOL,
CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S.
1824.

THE
JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 34
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1904

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